

# The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1881.

NO 34.

## DAKOTA'S LEGISLATURE

IT ORGANIZES FOR THE 11TH SESSION'S WORK.

Resolution Passed Favoring the Re-appointment of Judge Barnes—List of the Standing Committees Appointed. (Special Dispatch to the Tribune.)

### THE ORGANIZATION.

YANKTON, Jan. 12.—Yankton has been all astir during the past week speculating upon the organization of the legislature and the important measures that would probably come before it. Yesterday the fourteenth session of the Dakota legislature began by organizing and electing the following officers. Council: President, Geo. H. Walsh, of Grand Forks; secretary, E. B. Dawson, of Clay; assistant secretary, Moses Liverman, of Lawrence; engrossing clerk, J. B. Hall, of Brookings county; sergeant-at-arms, Jacob Branch, of Yankton; fireman, B. S. Fuller, of Minnehaha; chaplain, Rev. McReady, of Yankton; House: Speaker, Dr. J. A. Hardin, of Deadwood; chief clerk, Frank J. Mead, of Mandan; assistant clerk, J. C. Pyatt, of Richland; engrossing clerk, E. N. Falk, of Truax; sergeant-at-arms, Knut Paulson, of Turner; frenetan, F. K. Berry, of Minnehaha; chaplain, Rev. Bronson, of Yankton.

### NORTH DAKOTA.

and the Black Hills had the organization their own way, and Southern Dakota, to use the vernacular, is somewhat "left." The only feeling rising to the dignity of a kick was in the council against the choice of Walsh, of Grand Forks, but the matter was finally mended, and Pettigrew's choice got in. Marshall McClure, of the Jamestown Alert, is here looking around with a greedy eye and empty purse, but it is hardly probable he will get anything, although Wells, of the house, will work for it.

### STANDING COMMITTEES.

To-day, in the council, the president announced the following standing committees: Judiciary, Gamble, Soley, Jolly, Wilson and Fisher, education, Soley, Wiggins and Smith; finance and expenditures, Shaw, Fisher, Gamble, Jolly and Smith; elections, Wilson, Gamble and Soley; railroads, Fisher, Martin, Shaw, Soley and Day, counties, Day, Wiggins and Gamble; territorial affairs, Jolly, Martin, Gamble, Shaw and Walsh; public printing, Jolly, Wiggins and Walsh; enrollment and engrossment, Jolly, Wilson and Gamble; agriculture, Wiggins, Walsh and Smith; highways and bridges, Walsh, Smith and Wiggins; mines and mining, Martin, Jolly and Wilson; mineral, Smith, Soley and Jolly; charitable and penal institutions, Shaw, Gamble, Martin, Jolly and Walsh; banks, banking and insurance, Jolly, Fisher and Wilson.

### THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Governor Ordway delivered his message at 2 o'clock to day. It was an able paper, and listened to by a large and attentive audience of ladies and gentlemen. The first bill of the session passed both houses under a suspension of the rules, this afternoon. It provides that the assistant clerks of each house shall receive \$6 a day as salary.

### "BULLY FOR BARNES."

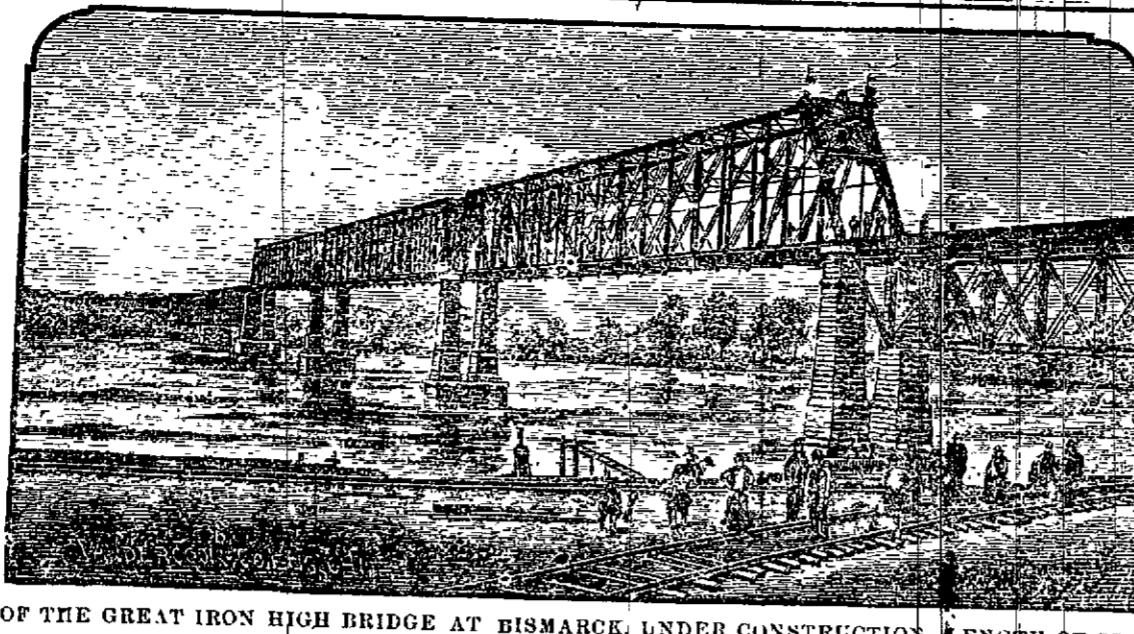
YANKTON, Jan. 14.—In the house yesterday morning a joint resolution was passed requesting the president of the United States to re-appoint Judge A. H. Barnes of the Third Judicial District. Mr. Wells, of Jamestown, announced his intention to introduce a bill to-day for the passage of an act requiring the registration of all legal voters of the territory. He has talked the matter over among the members and with little opposition. Several other bills of minor importance were also announced for to-day, and the governor's message was distributed. The following list of

### HOUSE COMMITTEES

was then announced by the speaker:—Judiciary, Boyles, of Yankton; Inman, of Clay; McBratney, of Lawrence; Dickey, of Barnes and Baynes, of Hanson; Education, Warner, of Lawrence; Theilman, of Turner; French of Yankton; Miller, of Richland; Kennedy, of Lake, and Inman, of Clay. Agriculture and Manufactures, Ellefson, of Minnehaha; Van Orsdel, of Yankton; Thompson, of Lincoln; Hale, of Lawrence, and Moore, of Union. Banks, Banking and Insurance, Inman, of Clay; Wells, of Stutsman; Thorne, of Minnehaha; McBratney, of Lawrence, and Thielman, of Turner.

### MINES AND MINING.

McBratney, of Lawrence; Thorne, of Minnehaha; Cross, of Pennington; Miller, of Richland, and Hale, of Lawrence. Railroads, Wells, of Stutsman; Warner, of Lawrence; Miller, of Richland; Boyles, of Yankton, and Thorne, of Minnehaha.



SIDE VIEW OF THE GREAT IRON HIGH BRIDGE AT BISMARCK, UNDER CONSTRUCTION. LENGTH OF SPANS 1400 FEET.

Charitable and Penal Institutions, Cross, of Pennington; Thorne, of Minnehaha; LaMoure, of Pembina; Baynes, of Hanson, and Dickey, of Barnes. Highways, Roads and Bridges, Thielman, of Turner; Donaldson, of Coddington; Nowland, of Truax; Eliason, of Minnehaha, and Cross, of Pennington. Immigration, Cross, of Pennington; Inman, of Clay; Wells of Stutsman; Thompson, of Lincoln, and McBratney, of Lawrence. Financial and Revenue, Miller of Richland; Thielman, of Turner; Landmar, of Bonhomie; Moore, of Union, and Nowland, of Truax. Corporations, Moore, of Union; Dickey, of Hanson; Nowland, of Truax; Baynes, of Hanson, and Landmar, of Bonhomie. Internal Improvement, Van Orsdel, of Yankton; French, of Yankton; LaMour, of Pembina; Rohr, of Union, and Kenney, of Lake.

### HIS FOSTER MOTHER.

Reminiscences of Little Johnny Wetherby and Morton Emerson.

Mr. J. K. Wetherby of this city spent the holidays at his old home in Hudson, Wis., on the old West Wisconsin road. On his return he encountered an old lady who, from the story as told by those who were near in the car, must have known Mr. Wetherby and also Mr. S. H. Emerson of the Sheridan House, in the days of their childhood. The old lady, it seems, lives across the lake from Hudson, and was on her way to St. Paul. Seeing Mr. Wetherby she walked up to his seat when conversation like the following ensued.

"Is this little Johnny Wetherby who used to live at Hudson?"

"Yes, my name is Wetherby and I once lived at Hudson."

"So this is little Johnny Wetherby, who used to make mud pies and stand on his head with my little Annie and Willie; why you have grown!"

"Yes, the flowers of several summers have faded since those days."

"So you are living out west now, at Bismarck, are you?"

"Yes, I am at that metropolis of the northwest."

"You are? Well, well; do you know, Morton Emerson who lives out there?"

"Yes, I know Mr. Emerson—"

"What! you know Morton Emerson?"

Why I am little Morton's foster mother. He used to play leap frog with my little Annie and Willie, and oh, such a good boy. So you know Morton Emerson?"

"Yes, he is running the palatial Hotel de Sheridan, is married and has—"

"What! Morton Emerson married? Little Morton Emerson?" (Thirty-six passengers in the car, all looking back and smiling audibly.)

"Yes, married and has a little baby."

"What! Morton Emerson got a little baby? Is his wife pretty?"

"Yes, his wife is really good looking and a cultured lady."

"She is? Ah, la me! Well, if Morton Emerson had stayed here and my little Annie had kept on linking him as she did when they used to run away together, jump ropes and make paper dolls, that little baby would be my grand-child."

Mr. Wetherby excused himself and went into the next car to see a friend, while the old lady looked around to see if she recognized any other old acquaintances.

### LICENSED LIQUOR DEALERS.

The following named firms have been granted licenses to sell spirituous liquors for the year 1881, in Burleigh county. M. L. Marsh, Marsh & Wakeman, Jos. Fox, P. H. Byrne, C. R. Williams, Thomas Mc. Gowan, Asa Fisher, Malloy Bros., G. W. Elder, Eads & Westhausen, Patrick Lee, C. Berkman & Co., Bogue & Schreck, J. P. Gannon, Quinton & Halloran, Quinton & Halloran, (Mandan) Sam Whitney & Co., E. Seaman & Co., Harry McBratney, J. W. Raymond & Co., Ida Lewis, John Boyce, Henry Yunk, E. H. Bly, W. H. Thurston, and R. J. Truax & Co.

Twenty-six in all. There are several others who say they would rather pay something to the "school fund," than to pay their license now. This they will have a chance to do when Judge Barnes comes up again.

### INSURE THE COURT HOUSE.

One of the first things that the new county board should do is to cover the new court house with a respectable insurance policy. A low rate can be obtained provided the coal oil now in the basement is removed, and the county cannot afford to run the risk of losing such a building when the expense is so high. It is a fact that the building is comparatively fire proof, but fire from unknown sources is liable to occur, and the county should be thoroughly prepared for it.

### THE RIVER OUTLOOK.

There is every indication of an unusually good river next season. More snow has fallen in the mountains at the headwaters than was ever known before, which is certain to make a long season of navigation.

IMPERFECT PAGE

A letter to THE TRIBUNE, dated Fort Benton Dec. 27th, says: "The snow is now over two feet deep. Wood is scarce and worth from \$12 to \$16 per cord and there is no coal to be had at any price. Great suffering will necessarily be experienced by at least one-third of the people of Benton owing to the scarcity of fuel." The letter winds up by stating that "it has snowed sixteen inches in the last twenty-four hours and it keeps up its lick will be five feet in another day, it now being thirty inches on the level."

### BLY IS A BRICK.

Next year there must be several large brick blocks erected in Bismarck. If those now in business here do not boom in this direction, then there are outsiders who will come in and do it. Mr. Bly is now figuring on an extensive brick yard near his mine, and if he receives sufficient encouragement will load first-class brick on the car at the mine, for six or seven dollars per thousand, according to the number wanted. These figures are on the basis of making a large quantity. It is expected that the road will need quite a number for the round house and shops to be located at Bismarck next season, and as building of brick at those figures is as cheap as lumber, (if the painting is reckoned) doubtless a couple of millions or so will be wanted for use in the city.

### HAVE YOU HARD ABOUT IT?

In speaking of New Year's calls the Jamestown Alert says: "One of the most attractive calling cards on New Year's day was a combination card bearing the following names and inscriptions. R. E. Wallace, H. J. Ott, James R. Winslow, W. H. Hurd, Doc. Campbell, O. L. Churchill, Tony Klaas, and H. T. Elliott. The card was heavy China card-board, 7x14, and bears the following sentimental inscription: Happy New Year. Our sentiments: Dry—Extra Dry," neatly printed in the left hand corner of the card. The boys were not slow to make their sentiments known, and as a natural result they bred famine and desolation every where they went."

### SUPPOSING THE CASE.

Twenty-six saloon licenses for 1881 have already been granted in Burleigh county. Supposing each saloon does a business of \$20 a day, or \$7,300 a year then there will be paid these institutions \$189,800 during the year. Reckoning that two thirds of the amount is paid for liquor and the other third for cigars then at 25 cents for two drinks, there will be 1,012,256 drinks taken during 1881 in Burleigh county at a cost of \$126,532. Of course, as this money comes from transients, it is quite an item to the credit of Burleigh county revenue.

### COAL BANK PARK.

In the Army and Navy Register of January 8th is a letter from an officer's wife at Fort Assinaboin, in which the beauties of a park at the Coal Banks is set forth. Capt. Paul's command was stationed there last summer, and to the good taste of Capt. Paul and Lieut. Miller, after whom the park was named, is due the existence of this beautiful place of resort. A stereoscopic view was taken of this park by Prof. Hayes of Fargo, who is in company with a Tribune man, "rootin' the upper river last year."

### AMUSEMENT.

Sam Whitney gave two very creditable entertainments at Raymond's Hall Friday and Saturday nights last. If Mr. Whitney could be induced to give one performance a week at Raymond's Hall for the benefit of ladies and children, he would doubtless meet with success. He does not intend to close the Opera House for repairs just at present, but will, next week, have several new performers, among them Den and Ella Howe, both Bismarck favorites.

### WARD'S MILK WAY.

Of the several milk men in the city none are entitled to more credit than Oscar Ward. He never fails, rain or shine, cold or warm, to ring that familiar bell which means "come to your milk." He has sixty-three head of cattle of the milk persuasion, twenty-six of which are now furnishing the pure coffee color which Mr. Ward deals out. Milk is five cents a pint, \$1.2 cents a quart and thirty cents a gallon.

### THE NEW PRINCIPAL.

Justin C. Smith, formerly a law student at Marshall, Mich., but more recently engaged in teaching, arrived on Monday to take charge of the public schools. The county superintendent of schools, however, insisted upon a public examination, so the opening of the public schools is deferred until after the 15th. Mr. Smith comes well recommended and will, no doubt, give satisfaction.

### NEWS-NOTES.

There are twenty five mica locations in Custer county.

The North Pacific loan sold at two per cent premium.

President Hayes has saved \$150,000 of his salary during his official term.

It is hinted that Gen. Garfield will call an extra session of the next congress.

The report that Blaine has been offered the state portfolio is now contradicted.

Geo. H. Walsh, of Grand Forks, has been elected president of the territorial council.

The loss of barges, etc., on the Ohio river at the break-up recently, amounts to over \$120,000.

Emma Abbott tells reporter that the stage kiss is a "cold, dim, pale phantom—unsatisfactory, elusive and empty."

Gen. C. Goff was rewarded for the zeal he manifested for Hayes four years ago. The knowing ones say he will not hold over a member of Garfield's cabinet.

Philip, who obtained much unpleasant notoriety in connection with the forged Morey letter, is now practicing his check as traveling agent for a wholesale undertaker in New York.

The Valley City Times says that Mrs. Olson, living eight miles from Calidonia, Truax county, gave birth last Tuesday to three healthy, well developed babies. The father had not been heard from.

The district court at Sioux Falls has decided the election which transferred the county seat of Brookings county from Medary to Brookings, fraudulent. The county seat remains, therefore, at Medary.

Senator Logan has introduced a bill to the senate to place Gen. Grant on the retired list with the rank of general. The bill also empowers the president to bring Gen. Grant into active service whenever he may deem it necessary.

Mr. Buckner introduced in the house Tuesday a bill requesting the president to open negotiations with Mexico for the purchase or session of the territory for the voluntary colonization of the colored people of this country.

Gen. Walker will probably send a revised census to congress this week. The figures given show an increase over the census of 1860 of 11,593,629, or a trifle over 30 per cent, while the increase in the preceding decade was 7,115,050, or twenty-five five-eighths per cent.

The inauguration of Gen. Garfield promises to exceed in brilliancy that of any preceding ones. Archies to represent each state, will be built over Pennsylvania avenue, covering a distance of two miles. Great preparations are in progress for the inauguration ball.

At Ft. Edmonton, 900 miles northwest of Winnipeg, on the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, the mercury Sunday indicated five degrees above zero; at Peterborough, Va., on the same morning the thermometer registered sixteen degrees below zero. The polar bear has certainly traveled a long ways from home, and left an unfaithful substitute in charge.

### RAILROAD TO THE HILLS.

J. McWilliams and S. M. Child, of Duntap, Iowa, arrived Wednesday night, and in company with Tom Jones, of Bismarck, leave to-morrow morning on a forty days' trip to look the ground over between Bismarck and Deadwood for the most feasible line to run a railroad. These gentlemen represent big New York capitalists, and although nothing has been said about the matter until now, the above is the fact. They are in no shape connected with Dr. Laramie.

### BRIDGE BIDDERS.

Bidders on the big bridge stone work are beginning to arrive. Last night's train brought Mr. T. S. Saiphaug, of the firm of Saiphaug Bros., Rock Island, Ill. This firm built the piers of the Chicago & Alton bridge at Glasgow, Mo., the Cincinnati bridge over the Ohio, and the bridges over the Mississippi at Rock Island, Dubuque and Louisiana. Mr. Saiphaug comes to look the ground over to get an estimate on which to base his bid.

### TO THE FRONT.

Col. Clough, Col. Beausenwein, Contractor Clark and Merchant Quinn, and several other distinguished gentlemen without titles are at the Sheridan anxiously awaiting a train west. It was expected that Tuesday last would see them on their way to Glendale, but a lack of coal and for various reasons the expedition has been delayed until probably to-morrow or Sunday.

### IMPERFECT PAGE

## TELEGRAPH TO TRIBUNE

### NEWS GOBBLED FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

#### McMILLAN NOMINATED IN MINNESOTA.

—The House Sub-Committee at

Work on the N. P. R. R.

Bill—Miscellaneous.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

#### GRANT'S LUCK.</h

## The Bismarck Tribune.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday in the new church on 5th street, at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p.m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PREACHERY CHURCH.—Sunday school at 11 a.m. and 7:00 p.m., St. Paul time. All are invited; seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 8:30 p.m. W. C. STERGAS, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN OF LIFE, (Episcopal), Rev. A. J. Yeater, Rector. Morning Prayer, with service, each Sunday, at 11 o'clock A.M. Sunday School immediately after service. Holy Communion first Sunday in each month. No night service until 1st of Sept. month. cordially invited to worship with us.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge, No. 16, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p.m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M. C. A. LOUIS-BERNEY, Sec'y.

O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 2 are held at Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. W. M. VON BRYSON, N. G. W. B. BRYSON, Sec'y.

Businessmen's, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings of Golden Rule Encampment No. 4 are on the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting members invited to attend. W. M. A. BRATLEY, C. P. W. M. VON KESTER, Scribe.

### BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p.m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal. P. F. MALLOY, Foreman.

DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

### THE METROPOLIS.

There is no sickness in the city. Water thirty-five cents a barrel again. Buffalo roam within gunshot of Miles City.

Examination of teachers to morrow at 10 a.m.

Bly's mine is turning out forty tons of coal per day.

Land is held at \$10 per acre around 17th Street.

Charley Williams has a quantity of good wood.

Property is continually rising in value in Bismarck.

The county commissioners meet again February 1st.

Joe Weir is said to be "at the top of the heap" at Pierre.

J. H. Marshall is limping on account of a sprained ankle.

Bismarck is now connected with Mandan telephonically.

Dan Eisenberg is busily engaged in taking invoice of stock.

Huge boulders will be in demand next season for the high bridge.

Ice at \$1.25 per ton is cheaper than water at thirty-five cents a barrel.

Tom Fortune has acquired a new fortune in the shape of a little girl.

Yankton is to have an Artesian well. Why can't Bismarck do likewise?

Inquiries are already being made regarding another dance at the Sheridan House.

Frank Brown says you must scratch the stamps off your cigar boxes or go over the road.

"Baby Mine" is no more. The child has grown up and it is now known as Bly's mine.

The finest assortment of new styles of visiting cards can be seen at THE TRINITY OFFICE.

M. L. Marsh will look at the boys occasionally when he gets settled in his new quarters.

A lamp explosion came near being the cause of much damage at Logan's bakery Monday night.

Twenty-five wood-choppers are wanted at McLean & McMurdo's and twenty-five more at T. W. Griffin's.

J. M. Carnahan and Frank Moore will engage in sheep and cattle raising at the Pyramid park next season.

The *Advertiser* says that the Bank of James Town is soon to be merged into a National Bank, with the same officers.

Next year Bismarck will probably have two daily passenger trains from the east and one from the Yellowstone.

Asa Fisher's new building at Pierre is a two story, wood, nearly the size of the one used in his business at Bismarck.

Men who know say that Deadwood is rather dull this winter and that Bismarck is as good a city as there is in the west.

Although this is the first season that Bismarck has enjoyed really first-class steaming, yet her turnouts cannot be beat on the line.

No matter what the weather the people all turn out at a fire. There were at least 300 in front of Logan's in five minutes after the tap of the fire bell.

The sister's school building caught fire on Tuesday from a defective flue, but the timely arrival of the boys with water, prevented a general conflagration.

The Yellowstone *Journal* is responsible for the following: "Why is Billy Mack, the end man, the only genuine living skeleton? Because he has no flesh on his bones at all."

Natal, the opera singer, has skipped with Miss Lester. He must now be on the alert Lester's husband, Mr. Davis, overtakes him with the persimmons he has brought down.

Nothing was ever published which was of so much importance and operated to inspire the people with so much confidence in the future of Bismarck, as the bridge article in last week's TRIBUNE.

Dr. Rogers has rendered the county valuable assistance during the past few weeks in ascertaining on reports, accounts, etc. Mr. Rogers is one of the best accountants in the city and understands book-keeping thoroughly.

In the ringing of the fire bell attention should be paid to the distinct signals. Every one rushes here and there when the bell is sounded, whereas every one would rush only there if the number of the district was given.

The St. Paul  *Globe* of the 9th says: "Mr. Frank Moore, the popular post trader at the Bad Lands, arrived in St. Paul yesterday, en route to Pittsburgh, where he goes to fulfill a most pressing and urgent engagement. The young lady's name is Miss Nellie Eaton, a Pittsburgh society belle, and the nuptials will be celebrated next Wednesday at 1 p.m. Bly-

marck papers may size up their orange blossoms accordingly."

The Evening *Dispatch*, St. Paul, inflicts the following upon its readers: "Because Major Frank S. Moore hails from the Bad Lands, it must not, for a moment, be supposed he shows his domiciliary characteristics and is at all bad. On the contrary he is good, 'real good,' and 'tis him by his friends, he is on his way east to do a good thing by recognizing the fact that it is not good to be alone. This fact leaked out yesterday through the Major's confiding the momentous secret to a couple of friends at the Merchants, since which time the sensitive young man's face has blushed a peony red at the bare mention of cradles, baby carts, 'and such.'

The Breyer combination, after giving two successful performances at Fort Lincoln, left for Fargo this week. This troupe is composed of thorough gentlemen and perfect ladies, and it is indeed a treat to meet such people on the stage. If ever Mr. Breyer should come to Bismarck again, he will be welcomed with a hearty reception.

The Little Missouri crossing of the North Pacific will be lively next year, because of the immense number of flies, etc., to be floated down to that point from above. It will require a large force to handle them. Besides there is Bly's coal mine and saw-mill which will give employment to a good sized force.

The business of Justus Bragg requires a large expenditure of money at this season of the year in buying stock to supply his contracts, and those having unsettled accounts will confer a favor by calling and settling before Monday next, as he wishes to leave for the east after several car loads of stock, Tuesday.

C. M. Cushman, the manager of the President Hayes' farm, is east exhibiting specimens of the wheat raised on the farm of the chief magistrate of the United States near Bismarck. Such wheat can but astonish the people wherever Mr. Cushman goes.

Thos. Haugarty is hopelessly insane, so the superintendent writes Geo. Elder. There is no hope for him. He has had several strokes of paralysis also which makes his physical as well as his mental condition hopeless. He is in the asylum at Yankton.

A later number of the *Globe* says of the "majah": "Mr. Frank S. Moore, the genial trader from Cantonment Bad Land, thinks the 'boys' have carried the joke too far in naming the lady they insist is the object of his eastward journey."

It has been truly said that originality is civilization. Only geese follow closely the track of their leaders. The man who cuts out a path for himself establishes a new route over which following generations will travel."

Two tables, one pool and one billiard, are being put in position at M. L. Marsh's new sample room. The foundation is being built independent of the floor so that no matter what the jar of the house, the tables will always be solid.

Especial attention is called to the advertisement of D. M. Ferry & Co., seed men, in another column. The firm needs no recommendation. It is an old firm; everybody has heard of it and no one ever regretted dealing with it.

Mandan business men are more sanguine of a future city than are the business men of Bismarck. This should not be. If the business men do not boom, themselves they cannot expect anyone to boom for them.

Messrs. Frederickson & Cooper, of the Bismarck Carriage Works, have dissolved Mr. Frederickson continuing the business and assuming all liabilities.

Billy Thurston has just finished his well at his farm east of town. It is sixty feet deep, but nine feet of good, pure soft water paid him for his trouble.

Lots in the river addition to Bismarck are selling at \$100 and \$150 each. The addition is owned by Messrs. Flannery, Wetherby, Raymond and Lee.

Dr. Porter was appointed commissioner of insane for the period of two years by the board. Dr. Porter was also re-appointed county physician.

Billy Snodgrass and Shed Lambert "tied" on the raffle for a valuable watch this week and, it is stated, will put the watch up for another raffle.

The train which was to go to the front Wednesday has been delayed owing to the non-arrival of coal. Col. Bansenwein will not run any risk.

If you think the business men of Bismarck have no faith in the city's future, ask them how much they will sell their property for.

There are various estimates placed on the quantity of snow that has fallen this winter, but nine inches on the level is in outside figure.

The board of county commissioners found that W. B. Watson should turn over \$12,127.53 to W. B. Bell, his successor in office.

A good girl is wanted to do general housework in a family off our in this city. Further particulars given at the Tribune office.

First monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society meets this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Stevens.

Jesse McOee was the lucky winner of the large chromo of George Washington, which was raffled last week by the Sisters.

The oyster supper given by the Catholic society last week was a grand success and netted a nice little sum to the church.

Den and Ella Howe, the Bismarck favorites, will arrive from the hills and appear at Whitney's next week.

The North Pacific is well prepared against snow this winter, plenty of plows and extra engines.

Judge Bowen has sold nearly \$30,000 worth of Mandan lots during the last eighteen months.

Anyone wishing immigration documents to send east can obtain them at the land office.

W. B. Watson is also engaged in that tedious job of "taking account of stock."

Chas. Galloway's European Restaurant on Fourth street, is becoming quite popular.

Charley Williams "cleaned out" Boley's Mandan last Tuesday with his trotter.

John E. Carland is the county's counsel, chosen by the commissioners.

Tom Martin is now giving Burgoines a good time at the "Molly Maguires."

Justus Bragg has slaughtered over 600 head of beef since April 1st, 1880.

Tommy LeVard is back again at Whitney's; also Oscar Willis.

W. F. Steele bought a horse at St. Paul last week. The first time the nag did

Mr. Steele then traded the kicker for a small Mau.

The Sun man has been a little under the weather this week.

Webster, the caterer at Fulton Market, is "up in his business."

It is Colonel Ray now, according to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

Statement of the First National Bank in another column.

Yesterday morning was the coldest of the season.

Frank Donnelly is wintering 140 head of stock.

It is Time.

That you stop kicking.

That the Sun man recovered.

That a registry law was made.

That the new court house was insured.

That the Fort Yates trouble was ended.

That you learned how to burn Bly's mine coal.

That the United States court was moved to Bismarck.

That some one started a first-class wood yard at Bismarck.

That you stop saying you will when you know you won't.

That you swear off and follow the baltic trail of righteousness.

That a move was made towards the establishment of water-works.

That you were more careful in the handling of kerosene lamps.

That you shovel the ice off your steps and thus save a broken limb.

That a new joke made its appearance at table No. 1, Sheridan House.

That real estate agents did something for themselves and the country.

That the importance of a better class of buildings was recognized in Bismarck.

That you paid the newspaper man less his pen waver in its efforts to do you good.

That the election of men for the coming municipal election was being thought of.

That another opera troupe came to the city. So say the boys who were on "the string."

That you begin to figure on next summer's campaign, which is bound to be lively.

That the thoughtless young man should "ketch on" to a tie claim before they are all gone.

That steps were taken towards the establishing of a chamber of commerce in Bismarck.

That Bismarckers should be fully convinced that business never will be less in the city.

That you insured your building, no matter what the rate, for it is economy, and economy is wealth.

That the citizens should take hold and encourage the railroad and the press in their efforts to induce immigration.

That thou "blow thy own horn (in THE TRIBUNE); for who so bloweth not his horn, by no man shall his horn be blown."

That the churches were better attended by the young bloods who loaf about on street corners, to the contrary of their parents' orders.

That some provisions was made for the poor, in the shape of a poor farm, instead of boarding paupers at a first-class hotel at \$2 per day.

That the business men should begin to get estimates on brick buildings for next season so that plenty of brick will be made in time.

That the people wake up to the realization of the fact that they must pull together next summer if they wish to accomplish anything.

That more care was exercised in the building of chimneys, for there has not been a fire in Bismarck but that was caused by a defective flue.

That every honest, industrious young man in the east, who is striving without avail to get along in the world, should come west, where there is room for advancement.

That people should learn that it is colder riding than it is in the house, and handle up accordingly. Frost-bitten ears, cheeks and fingers are but the result of carelessness.

That the people become not alarmed lest a rival town grow up on the west shore, for verily there shall be two great cities on the Missouri, and the one shall be greatest that has the most enterprising citizens.

That the primary school building on Fifth street was arranged for the comfort of children. There is very little warmth in a building having four or five broken windows,

## BISMARCK TRIBUNE.

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

BISMARCK,

DAKOTA.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

THE reduction of the public debt in December was over five and a half millions dollars—since June over forty millions.

PRIVATE letters from Massachusetts say his winter is the coldest for a dozen years. Cherishing warm sympathy for their friends in the Northwest is the only thing that makes them comfortable.

THE annual meeting of the Minnesota early amber cane growers will be held at Minneapolis, Thursday, January 20th; and immediately after the adjournment thereof, there will be a meeting of the horticulturists and fruit growers; both to be held in the city hall.

A CHICAGO paper publishes a new year greeting from Sojourner Truth, the colored woman who claims to be about 110 years old, and also letters showing that she is about that age. She now resides at Battle Creek, Michigan, her principal means of living being the sale of her "Book of Life" and photographs.

DR. FRANKLIN B. HOUGH, chief of the bureau of forestry, in connection with the department of agriculture, at Washington, has matured a plan which, with the co-operation of the state and general government, will tend to reclothe many of the ancient forests with a new growth of timber. With this object in view he visited Minnesota and several other western States during the last year.

THE scheme of Lessesp's for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama appears to be gaining strength. Its managers have already sent out various expeditions of engineers, laborers and supplies, and seem to be in earnest; while the Chicaragua people do not exhibit much activity in anything but denunciation of the Panama scheme and predictions of its ultimate failure.

A COMPARATIVE statement of the imports and exports of the United States for the twelve months ended November 30, 1880, compared with the corresponding period of last year, in specific values shows the following result: Exports of merchandise over imports \$162,638,044; excess of imports of gold and silver over exports \$59,342,990; total excess of exports over imports \$103,295,054.

THE syndicate which have undertaken to provide means for the speedy completion of the Northern Pacific railroad are meeting with entire success. The bonds are in great demand both at home and abroad, and at last accounts the subscriptions were in excess of the demand. That the road will be built as fast as the means can be advantageously used, seems now to be a foregone conclusion.

THE prices paid for wheat by the Millers of Minneapolis on the 1st day of January, 1880, for Nos. 1, 2 and 3 wheat were as follows: No. 1, \$1.22; No. 2, \$1.19; No. 3, \$1.11. The prices ran down gradually until the latter part of December, when the three grades brought respectively 88, 85 and 73, which are about the present rates, showing a reduction during the year on each grade of 34, 34 and 38, with not any brilliant prospects of a material rise.

THE White House is a rather expensive institution, aside from the President's salary of \$50,000. The staff of employees in and about the Executive office requires \$32,000 a year, and the stationary and miscellaneous appointments some \$8,000 more. This is exclusive of \$10,000 a year for care and repairs of the mansion, \$15,000 for lighting the house and grounds, \$2,000 for fuel, \$5,500 for the greenhouses, and a single item of \$30,000 for refurbishing.

ADVICE from Jefferson Davis is not likely to be very profitable, though full of wisdom. In a late interview, he remarked that salaries of public officials were getting too high. He told how members of congress, when they were getting smaller salaries, used to club together in mess to save expense, and all public officials used to live on a less expensive scale, and affirmed that "our form of government is safest when there is a degree of independence of the people among themselves, and especially when officials receive moderate salaries and live within their means."

WHEN the arrearage of pensions act passed congress its authors avred that the sum of \$25,000,000 would be more than enough to meet all requirements. Up to November 1 last \$24,600,486 had already been paid out. It is ascertained at the pension bureau that the average arrearage due the pensioners on the list is \$56,058. The average amount to arrear on new cases is \$1,100. There are now 282,597 cases on file awaiting settlement, and the bureau estimates the number of claims that will be allowed will require \$217,599,800 for arrears alone, and that over \$30,000,000 will be added to the amount required annually for payment of pensions. No movement is on foot to have the time extended for filing of claims for arrears of pensions.

IN the necrological lists for 1880 it appears that self murders number some eight hundred, though doubtless many more occurred, which were not reported. Beginning with March, the largest proportion of suicides per month continues up to September. For September, October, and November the monthly average of self murders is only thirty-nine, much less than half what it is during the hot months. The minimum is reached in October. With December the list begins to go up again, increasing irregularly up to its maximum in July. The figures show that more people commit suicide from emotional disappointments and disturbances than from any one other cause, and next, wharkey plays the most prominent part. Far more men than women kill themselves, although man is supposed to be stronger minded than his sister. Of women prostitutes commit suicide often than any other.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## RECORD OF CRIME.

Cornell Hewitt, a young and wealthy planter of the West Indies killed himself in Brooklyn.

Robert McQuig, financial secretary of the Planters' Union, at Chicago, run away with all the funds in his possession.

The jury in the trial of Mrs. Brown, at Indianapolis, for the murder of her husband, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and sentence of imprisonment in the women's reformatory for life.

James N. Ray was killed a few days ago in Scott county, Tennessee, by a man who had insulted him. Ray attempted to fire, but before he could draw his weapon, his assailant split him open with an axe.

Frank N. Brown of New York, aged twenty-one, was shot by his father, special officer Charles A. Brown, at their residence, while protecting his mother from the latter's violence. The son died, and the father surrendered.

The defalcation of H. L. Dowers, cashier of the Queen City Club, the most aristocratic organization in Cincinnati, created considerable excitement. Discrepancies of between \$1,200 and \$1,500 in his accounts have been discovered.

Charles M. Phelps, ex-State treasurer, clerk and defaulter, at Albany, convicted in October, 1875, for forgery and larceny, on three counts, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment on each count, died of consumption in the penitentiary on Tuesday.

Louis Algeire, at Dubuque, who four months after the death of his wife married her niece sixteen years old, was at the habit of brutally beating his first wife. It is now being recalled that she was found dead in the yard, as said from a fall from a second story window.

A suit which is attracting a great deal of attention has been instituted in the circuit court in Richmond, Va., wherein a Virginian sets the price of his daughter's virtue at \$3,000, and brings suit for that sum against her seducer. The plaintiff in the case is C. Solar, a well-to-do merchant. He sues John E. Buppert for seducing his daughter, a pretty and very interesting girl of seventeen. The defendant, a wealthy confectioner, is charged with leading her astray. Plaintiff claims he has, by reason of said wrongful act of the defendant, sustained great loss and damage, and is entitled to recover the sum of \$3,000 of the defendant.

## ACCIDENTS AND OTHER CASUALTIES.

William Spear of Algona, Iowa, was killed by the falling of a tree.

The British ship Cupala was wrecked on the coast of Oregon, with all on board.

At Coalvale, Kansas, a Mrs. Davis and her daughter were burned to death by their clothes taking fire.

Philip McCafferty, M. Boyle, Peter Gallagher and James Hardin, victims of the Allentown, Pa., boiler explosion, have died, making thirteen deaths.

The explosion of a can of shellac varnish in a fermenting tub cost the lives of four men who were at work in the vat.

At Milwaukee the residence of H. C. Atkins, superintendent of the Chicago & St. Paul railroad, was burned, entailing a total loss of \$8,000; fully-covered by insurance. The most of the furniture and household effects were saved.

A Mrs. Bushing was killed by an accident on the Pennsylvania railroad N. H. The injured, so far as known, are: Mr. E. Foster of Barton, New Hampshire; K. H. Brown, Barton Landing; Mary Ferguson, David Cameron, wife and child, Mrs. G. W. Parker, Mary McDonald, Mrs. Davis Hartford.

A boiler in the saddling mill of the Allentown Pa., rolling mill exploded, damaging the mill to the extent of \$20,000, and instantly killing John Shak and fatally wounding Hugh Gallagher, Hugh Harrington, Pat McGee, James Roarby and Charles McCloskey. The following persons were badly injured: Samuel Burges, James Harkins, John Harkins, Wm. Gibbons and James Roy.

The Bent Wood works of Lancaster, Ohio owned by Neil, Tippett & Kethon, were entirely destroyed by fire. The fire began in the third story of the building, but its cause is unknown. About 100 men were employed at the works, most of them being men of family, and the suffering incident to this fire will be great. The loss on stock, building and machinery will reach about \$36,000.

At Lockport, N. Y., the Hodge opera house and the Gargling Oil building, adjoining, were totally destroyed by fire. Losses \$150,000. The opera house building was owned by John Hodge and the oil building by the Gargling Oil company, John Hodge president. The cost of the opera house was \$100,000. Insurance, \$36,000 on the opera house and 30,000 on the Gargling Oil building.

By a kerosene explosion at Readfield, Pa., the clothing of three children was ignited from the burning oil, and two of them, a baby six months old and Sallie Rothberger, aged fourteen, who had just called, were burned to death. The remains have not yet been recovered. The third, Mary Moses, aged eight, was rescued, but is fatally burned. David Maurer, a boarder, was badly burned while trying to save the children.

John Balmer, a fisherman on Green River, Kentucky, warned one John Davis, also a fisherman, against boarding Balmer's boat. Davis continued to advance across the plank connecting the boats, and, just as he stepped on Balmer's boat, the ball going in Davis' right side and coming out at the left side. "He was fending me in," said the old man, explaining it, "and I was compelled to force him out. Davis dropped, after taking a few steps. His wife, the only eye-witness, says Balmer assaulted him and picked him up as Davis was sawing wood.

At Palmyra, Wis., Mrs. Joe B. Clark and Mr. Ed. Badman were united in Marriage New Year's night, at the residence of Mrs. K. Clark, by Squire Allen. The bride is a grandmother of sixty years of age; the groom about thirty-five years old. The wedding-party repaired to the Commercial hotel, to supper and a small reception.

The marriage of Gov. Elect Porter of Indiana to Miss Stone, sister of Gen. R. Stone, and daughter of a late prominent resident of Chautauqua county, took place Wednesday at the residence of Walter S. Gurnee, uncle of the bride, in New York. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Freeman of Lockport, New York. The wedding was private and only a few of the relatives were present, among whom were Albert and Annie Porter, son and daughter of the bridegroom.

Capt. Samuel F. Painter, an old steamboatman, died at his residence in St. Paul on the 9th. At the time of his death Capt. Painter was fifty-nine years old. He came to St. Paul from Cincinnati in 1836 and first acted as mate of the last steamboat he was on, and, just as he stepped on St. Paul till about eighteen years ago, when he went to the Red River and engaged in the same trade till about two years ago.

James Redpath, at New York, before a large audience, on and before his return, "denounced," a description of Ireland and of the oppressive land tenure. He said Queen Victoria had only given one day's income to the relief of the starving Irish during the late famine. She was an infamous woman, and ought to be branded into decay. He denounced Hooper as a flunkie and coward, and said he had to do with that infamous wretch, the Duke of Edinburgh, and then came back to America and tried to injure the Irish cause through the agency of charity and pretended truth. The whole lecture was an exciting character, the speaker saying a number of times that he approved of the shooting of landlords.

## NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

Gen. Burnside is confident Don Cameron will be next secretary of war.

Supervisor Walker asks for \$700,000 additional to complete the census. The work has been extended to comprehend new fields, and when completed will be worth all it cost.

It is said that the majority of the house will favor a proper departmental bill, not Springer's if reported, but the census committee, and the subject will not be treated as a partisan question by either party as a body.

Col. H. C. Corbin, representing the secretary of the inaugural committee received communications from the committee of honor of Harrisburg (Pa.), Blues and Richmond Volunteer rifle company of Columbia, S. C., accepting the invitation to participate in the inaugural, March 4.

Sen. Thomas and Lady Flora Hatchett, nee Sharon, who left San Francisco recently for New York in the special drawing room car, California, have been invited to become guests of President and Mrs. Hayes if they can defer their journey to Europe long enough to visit Washington.

The senate has confirmed the following nominations of postmasters: F. W. Palmer, Chicago; A. H. Vorsler, Pella, Iowa; R. B. Williamson, Mount Airy, Iowa; John D. Hunter, Webster City, Iowa; T. A. Burt, Lancaster, Wis.; E. B. Thompson, Waupaca, Wisconsin; A. W. Kimball, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Col. Corbin, secretary of the inauguration committee, is fairly deluged with correspondence in relation to that event. There will be military companies present from every State in the Union. From present indications there will be 25,000 men in line, and the procession will be the largest and finest seen in Washington since the review of Sherman's army.

The movement to place Gen. Ord on the retired list as major general seems to find favor with both parties. The people of the Southwest say they owe him much for his able and skillful management of affairs on the border. It is said that when he went there matters were in a deplorable condition, and that an ill-advised act would have brought on a war with Mexico.

Nathan Goff, Jr., of West Virginia, was nominated by the president as secretary of the navy. Gen. Goff is less than forty years of age, and is a resident of Clarksburg. He served throughout the war on the Union side, and rose to the

rank of brigadier general. In 1872 he was appointed to be United States district attorney in West Virginia, an office which he still holds. The nomination of Gen. Goff was confirmed by the Senate.

The Senate confirmed Matthew D. Barr collector of customs at Erie, Pa.; Wm. A. Storrs, U. S. marshal of Pennsylvania; Wm. H. Stillwell, Northern associate justice of the supreme court of Arizona; John Hall, United States marshal for the western district of Pennsylvania; Washington F. Padurich, secretary to the French-American claims commission. To be United States consul: T. Dubois, Pennsylvania, at Aix la Chapelle; Joseph Spackman, Pennsylvania, at Munich; W. H. Crouch, Pennsylvania, at St. Helena; G. Henry Hartman, Pennsylvania, at Nuremberg; George W. Roosevelt, Pennsylvania, at Matanzas. Postmaster: Henry H. Hudspeth, Philadelphia; John M. McLellan, Maryland.

Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, in his message, speaking in the warm tones of the relation existing between the blacks and the whites, says the colored people are not to be regarded as one and thrify. He refers with satisfaction to their industrial arts and to the favor and encouragement bestowed on their exhibitions by the whites. He regards it an imperative duty that the whites should see that in all things full and equal justice shall be done the blacks and they are not left to work out their own destiny alone.

The certificate of election to Congress in Utah has been given by Gov. Murray to the gentle candidate, Allen G. Campbell, though Apostle Cannon received a very large majority of the votes. Under other circumstances, says the governor in his ruling, Cannon might become naturalized before his term of office begins, but it is charged by Campbell and not denied by Cannon that the latter is living in violation of the law of 1862 making polygamy a felony, and cannot, therefore, be well disposed towards the government of the United States. Not being a citizen, and being incapable from his profession and manner of life of taking the oath of naturalization in good faith, and these facts having been notorious for years, it follows that the votes cast for him as a delegate are lost.

Gen. John F. Miller of California, who is to succeed Senator Booth in the United States senate, is a native of Indiana. He first went to California about the year 1850. He afterward returned to his native State and lived at South Bend, where he was a prominent man. He raised a regiment and became its colonel. He raised to the rank of brigadier general, and was wounded losing an eye at the battle of Stone River. He was in command at Nashville while Johnson was military governor. After the war he returned to California. When Johnson became president he appointed Gen. Miller collector of the port of San Francisco. His prominence in business circles enabled him to become one of the founders of the Alaska Seal Company, of which he is the president. This has made him enormously rich. He was a member of the constitutional convention two years ago, but has held no other elective office. Senator Booth made no effort to be re-elected.

Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, in his message, speaking in the warm tones of the relation existing between the blacks and the whites, says the colored people are not to be regarded as one and thrify. He refers with satisfaction to their industrial arts and to the favor and encouragement bestowed on their exhibitions by the whites. He regards it an imperative duty that the whites should see that in all things full and equal justice shall be done the blacks and they are not left to work out their own destiny alone.

The Senate confirmed Matthew D. Barr collector of customs at Erie, Pa.; Wm. A. Storrs,

U. S. marshal of Pennsylvania; Wm. H. Stillwell, Northern associate justice of the supreme court of Arizona; John Hall, United States marshal for the western district of Pennsylvania; Washington F. Padurich, secretary to the French-American claims commission. To be United States consul: T. Dubois, Pennsylvania, at Aix la Chapelle; Joseph Spackman, Pennsylvania, at Munich; W. H. Crouch, Pennsylvania, at St. Helena; G. Henry Hartman, Pennsylvania, at Nuremberg; George W. Roosevelt, Pennsylvania, at Matanzas. Postmaster: Henry H. Hudspeth, Philadelphia; John M. McLellan, Maryland.

Gov. Logan did not think it worth while to pay any attention to a man who wanted to prove that he was a parjour, and ought to be in the penitentiary.

He was introduced to promote the efficiency of the life-saving service.

The annual appropriation bill was considered in committee on Jan. 19, 1881.

SENATE.—Not in session.

HOUSE.—The day was entirely devoted to the funding bill. An amendment by Mr. Kiefer, that the rate of interest shall not exceed four per cent, was rejected—12 to 14. Nearly every member of the house who ever speaks on any subject, had something to say on this bill. It is impossible to predict at present the fate of the bill. Mr. Poehler, from the committee on Indian affairs, reported back the bill authorizing the secretary of the interior to fulfill certain treaty stipulations with the Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior and Minnesota.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10.

SENATE.—Gen. Logan introduced a bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired army list. It provides that in recognition of the eminent public services of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, late of the army and ex-president of the United States, the president be authorized to appoint him, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, to the rank and full pay of general of the army. The second section authorizes the president, when he shall consider it necessary, to ratify the Canada Pacific proposition before parliament, but its chances of success are not flattering.

The condition of affairs in Ireland continues to be a matter of much concern to the pope, who is reported to have sent fresh instructions to the Irish bishops, with a view to promoting the establishment of a national church.

AN immense stock company of match manufacturers is on the eve of formation, to consolidate all the firms of Detroit, Akron, Philadelphia and Oshkosh, buy up the small concerns and control prices. Matches have raised thirty cents per case within a week.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

Mr. J. F. Armour, one of the big pork-packer, died at Cincinnati of Bright's disease.

For the week ended Saturday last the thermometer at Fort Garry averaged 25 degrees below zero.

There are indications of a speedy breaking up of the ice on the Ohio.

The McCook bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired list has been strangled in committee.

Fowler, Crampton & Co., of New York, E. Mueller and A. Hobert, of Dubuque, have suspended.

The Dixon Crucible company of Jersey City has suspended. The assets and liabilities, which are nearly even, are said to be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

"Kate Claxton," the actress, who is known in private life as Mrs. Charles A. Stevenson, was called up at Albany to mourn the loss of her only child, a bright little boy aged fifteen months.

## MY NEIGHBOR'S CONFESSION.

Yes, this is what my neighbor said that night, In the still shadow of her stately house, (For it was to her when her head was white) What fine dark leaves were weird in withering boughs,

And each late rose sighed with its latest breath, "This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."

But this was what my neighbor said to me: "I grieved my youth away for that or this, I had upon my hand the ring you see,

With pretty babies in my arms to kiss,

And one man said I had the sweetest eyes,

He was quite sure, this side of Paradise.

"But then our crowded cottage was so small,

And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;

Then one should meet me with an India shawl,

And one flash by me in a diamond's light;

And one would show me yards of precious lace,

And one look coldly from her painted face.

"I did not know that I had everything

Till—I remember it. Ah me! ah me!

I who had ears to hear the wild bird's singing

And eyes to see the violets. It is not so

A bitter fate that jewels the gray hair,

Which once was golden and had flowers to wear.

"In the old house, in my old room, for years,

The haunted cradle of my little ones gone

Would hardly let me look at it for tears,

Oh, my lost nurslings! I stay on and on,

Only to miss you from the empty light

Of my lone fire—with my own grave in sight.

"In the old house too, in its own old place,

Handsome and young, and looking toward the gate

Through which it flushed to meet me, is a face

For which, ah me! I never more shall wait—

For which, ah me! I wait forever, I

Who, for the hope of it, can surely die.

"Young men write gracious letters here to me,

That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine.

The youth in this one crowds all Italy!

This glimmers with the far Pacific's shine.

The first poor little hand that warmed my breast

Wrote this—the date is old; you know the date.

"Oh, if I only could have back my boys,

With their lost glories, and books for me to find,

Their scattered playthings, and their pleasant noise."

I am here in the splendor, growing blind,

With hollow hands that back-wash roach and ache

For the sweet trouble which the children make."

—S. M. B. Piatt in Scribner's.

## MY MYSTERIOUS LANDLORD.

English Magazine.

A pause of the heavy feet, and then they went on upwards, and my mind carried my body after them; for, with a sudden resolution, I turned into the stairway, and followed my landlord in my stocking feet. He stood a moment at the next landing in the darkness, and his wife came to her bedroom door and entreated him to rest. He answered her doggedly, ordered her back to her bed, shut her door after her, and went on. I went on. A slight twist in the landing showed a step-ladder, whitened by the moon that streamed through a small window. My landlord sped up this as agilely as if he were not stout. I watched him to the top of it. He unclosed his hand, and put a key in the door that fronted the ladder. The lock turned noiselessly, and he went in, leaving the door ajar. Up that ladder I crept carefully. I was not so confident as the landlord, but my feet blundered and were not certain.

I reached the top without making a sound. Then I pushed open the door and stood within a room that I knew was the top loft.

In one moment I saw its peculiarities; in another I saw its mystery. The moonlight was radiantly cold within its compass; there was nothing revealed. It showed an attic with a lean-to roof, and the rafters above were rough and splintered. It lit up, with the height of contrast, black hangings that were nailed fast to the walls. It shone into the empty, blackened, ill-shaped room and lay upon the pile of a red rug that covered the centre of the floor; and upon a box with silver handles raised high in the midst; and upon an old man groveling before it in a posture that was too undone for kneeling and too utterly debased for devotion.

And I, with senses alert, and with cold vein, moved a heavy step further into the room. My landlord sprang to his feet, and stood before me, and looked at me, and spoke no word. I spoke.

"You are found out at last, Mr. Fern," I said.

He looked at me, and waited for the words to form sense within his brain. Then, with a sigh and with unmoved acquiescence:

"Yes, at last."

I scarcely knew what to say next; the man did not defy me, he only looked nonplussed. "The law has reached you through me, Mr. Fern; you must submit to it."

"Yes, yes," he said, quietly; "but I have dined at this three year come October."

"Great Heaven!" I cried; "can you talk coolly of your crime? Are you hardened to the most awful form of murder?"

"Ah, what?" said the man, dazed at the first word and indignant and furious at the second.

"A murderer? Curse you! God judge you, sir, as you have foully judged me."

He laid his great hand upon my arm, and shook it. The tears were running down his face, while the deep curses of a broken heart thronged to his lips, and stayed there for powerlessness of utterance. I looked at him and at the silvered coffin and the desolate room, and wrenched my arm from his grasp.

"Then, in the name of your Judge and mine, what is that?" I said, pointing to the episcopal box.

His anger died; his passion was quenched; he covered his face with his hands and groped his way to the little coffin and laid his head upon it and cried with words unintelligible some ruminations of endeavour that were framed in sobs. I felt a movement behind me, and turned to see Mrs. Fern. Her face was as white as the light that illuminated it; but the strength of her bearing was unbroken by the funeral room or the stricken husband. She had put on a long gown, and beneath it her breath came and went quickly; otherwise the form of her mien was calm.

She looked at me and passed me, and went to her husband and put her arms around his neck. He moved to her touch, and laid his great tousled head upon her shoulder. The passion of grief which shook him showed the balance of that jovial temperament. She smoothed his face with her hand as if it had been a baby's; she bent over his head her indomitable one, fearless, tender, powerful. And, after a time, with a slight movement she brought his eyes and hers to the small window, and pointed to him the heavens, from which all clouds were drifting, where the serene rested deep blue between the glittering stars, and stretched backwards from the bright white moon.

He lifted his small eyes to her face with a curious expression, like the appeal of the dumb brute that begs for a translation of the feeling that it cannot give tongue to. There was no shade of sentimentality in Mrs. Fern's special answer to this mate speech.

"Why will you not look there instead of here?"

He turned back to the coffin and hid his face from the suggestion of the far-away heavens. His words were thick and his voice quivered.

"Because this is her. The bit of flesh I held is here; the lips I kissed are here; the cheek I loved is here. It is only the thing you say, not the spirit. The spirit may be yonder, as cold and uncanny as those blessed tears. But 'twas the dear body that I nursed and loved. The bright eyes, her blue eyes—I nailed them safe in here."

He nodded his head at me, and went on with a proud mounfulness I should not have expected of him.

"You called me a hard word, sir—a word that might tempt a man to be the vile brute you named. Your scent is mighty keen, sir, but it sniffed astray at the last. The demon that killed my child was Crouse, and I kissed down her dead eyelids. You may go in the graveyard, and you might have seen, three years ago, a funeral there. They put a coffin in the ground, and they wife put it don't hold my darling."

He stood up straight now, and faced me with a tremor, with eagerness. Grief and passion gave him eloquence, and his defense was warm.

"Do you think I would give my pretty one to the filthy worms to eat out her eyes and crawl into her ears and feed on her lips? Do you think I would put her into the cold, the storm and the sodden earth? Couldn't the old roof that had sheltered her lively living body cover her when she was so mighty still, and gave no trouble? I read an old book that tells how to wrap up the dead, and they will keep at least for years. I made two coffins one within the other, and put her on a soft feather-bed inside them, and I shut her up and brought her here, and kept her here, and they buried an empty box yonder, and I and wife held an other service here, without a cleric gamma, but with our groans and tears.

"And the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my last pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you came, sir; you've outwitted me. My last is a keen last, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't, Lord, it ain't! It's the heart breaking thing; it's—O Lord!"

His head bent over the coffin-lid again. I stepped to Mrs. Fern, and whispered to her: "Forgive me; I will leave you now. I will go to my room until morning. Will you see me then?"

She nodded, and I went. A year later I stood in the churchyard of Baytown, and with me stood George, the oyster. The mortal remains of little Lucy Fern lay then beneath the gravestone. I had gone to the clergyman of the parish after that stormy night. He had heard my tale with some professional horror and with much human sympathy, and he had lent his aid in conveying to its last resting-place the coffin of the top loft.

And a year after, George and I stood together. The oyster rambled in his meditative style, while I listened:

"Bless you, sir, you did a sight of good to the master and missis. Queer whispers was always on the go. They never could be happy with a dead corpse a corrupting of itself over their heads. As my mother used to say, the worm must live, and we ain't no right to stand against the natural food of a thing. Curious thing, Miss Lucy died in a storm; couldn't tell which howled the louder,—it or master. Not missis, bless you, sir. She's one of that sort that chews her tears, reg'lar."

THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN.

The Pleasant Impression it Made Upon the Iowa Humorist.

In a recent letter from Hartford, Conn., to the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye*, Mr. R. J. Burdette writes:

"The pleasantest view I had of the city was from the cozy fireside in that wonderful home of Mr. S. L. Clemens, who was my host during my stay in Hartford. I am not a man addicted to cold weather. I have no sufficiently British to wander through December and January in a short checked coat and no ulster. I am given to much wrapping up when I do go out in the snow, and to very little going out in the snow at all. I begin to shiver with the first frost, and I keep it up until the following April. And so when I can sit down before a bright wood fire, and burn up cigars while somebody entertains me, I love the icy Winter."

"I think I have never been in a home more beautifully home-like than this palace of the king of humorists. The surroundings of the house are beautiful, and its quaint architecture, broad, East Indian porticos, the Greek patterns in mosaic in the dark-red brick walls attract and charm the attention and good taste of the passer-by, for the home, inside and out, is the perfect example of exquisite taste and harmony. But with all its architectural beauty and originality, the elegance of its interior finish and decorations, the greatest charm about the house is the atmosphere of 'homelikeness' that pervades it. Charmingly as he closed his shell, 'that it is a great deal nicer to be a clam on a sand bank, than a cod in a fish boat, but I'll be open' to argument next flood-tide."

Moral.—It is everything in knowing when to shut up.

Many expressions were exchanged, and at the last general election John Bright had no more effective, but unobtrusive, supporter than the stranger whose political animosity he had disarmed by politeness and sociability. This story I learn from a letter written by the man himself.

## TYPES OF STAGE KISSING.

The Abbott Kiss Artificially Considered—The Positive and the Comparative.

From Nym Crinkle's Fenitton.

No amount of interviewing could evolve

Miss Abbott's views on the kiss. All that

she could be got to admit was that the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet was copied

from a painting of Antony and Cleopatra, which she had seen at Milan.

"People talk about what they are pleased to call 'the Abbott kiss,'" said she, "altogether forgetting that if the scene is not made realistic it would be utterly flat, stale, and unprofitable. I will not sing roles like Traviata, of which I do not approve, but those who do act I will act with my whole heart and whole soul, with all the art which God has given me. I have never sung yet that I was not accused of being in love with the tenor, just because I sing and act in dead earnest. That is what realism in art means."

So much for the positive kiss. The students of comparative kissing, who will, of course, look over the whole field in a historic way, will have to take into consideration the various schools of osculation. There was the platonic kiss of Kellogg, who used to fling them like icicles with her finger tips, and as Sher Campbell once said, there were children in them. Then there was the Presbyterians kiss of Ada Dyas, who used to plant it on Montague's left ear, or on the back of his neck, and always created an impression in the gallery that she had bit him; and the Lotta bubble, which always sounded like the pulling of a cork, and seemed to be a number of linked kisses effervescent; and the Corinthian kiss of Wainwright—a severe affair; somewhat motherly, and when dropped upon a stock actor always frightened him a little bit, as if he had pulled a New Testament out of his pocket instead of a pack of cards; and the Carey kiss—ah! The romantic Carey kiss, that never began anywhere and never ended—that ran down the back, and tingled in the arms and legs, and made the hair stand on end, and was accompanied with laughter, whose echoes were indyng; and the cavernous Soldier kiss, that opened its ponderous and marble jaws with a report like the bursting of an india rubber balloon.

Who shall form the basis of these schools for us? Certainly not Abbott; for her's is the spiritual kiss, and we are not educated up to it.

—A Story.

Exchange.

A Story.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

BUCK

#### MY NEIGHBOR'S CONFESSION.

Yes, this is what my neighbor said that night, in the still shadow of her stately home, (Fortune came to her when her head was white) What dark leaves were weird in withering boughs, And each dark rose sighed with its latest breath, "This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."

But this is what my neighbor said to me: "I grieved my youth away for that or this I had upon my hand the ring you see, With pretty babies in my arms to kiss, And one man said I had the sweetest eyes, He was quite sure, this side of Paradise,

"But then our crowded cottage was so small, And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;

Then one would fret me with an India shawl, And one dash by me in a diamond's light; And one would show me yards of precious lace, And one took coldly from her painted face.

"I did not know that I had everything Till—I remember it. Ah me! ah me! I who had ears to hear the wild bird's sing And eyes to see the violet. It must be A bitter fact that jewels the gray hair, Which once was golden and had flowers to wear.

"In the old house, in my old room, for years, The painted walls of my little ones gone Would hardly let me look at it for tears,

"Oh, my lost nurslings! I stay and stand, Only to miss you from the empty light Of my lone fire—with my own grave in sight.

"In the old house too, in its own old place,

Handsome and young, and looking toward the gate

Through which it flushed to meet me, is a face For which, ah! I never more shall wait— For which, ah! I wait forever, I Who, for the hope of it, can surely die.

Young men write gracious letters home to me, That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine. The youth in the one crowd all Italy!

This glimmers with the fat Pacific's shine. The first poor little hand that warmed my breast Wrote this—the date is old; you know the rest

"Oh, if only could have back my boys, With their lost gloves, and books for me to find, Their scattered playthings, and their pleasant noise!"

—S. M. B. Plattin Scribner's.

#### MY MYSTERIOUS LANDLORD.

English Magazine.

A pause of the heavy feet, and then they went on upwards, and my mind carried my body after them; for, with a sudden resolution, I turned into the stairway, and followed my landlord in my stockings foot: He stood a moment at the next landing in the darkness, and his wife came to her bedroom door and entreated him to rest. He answered her doggedly, ordered her back to her bed, shut her door after her, and went on. I went on. A slight twist in the landing showed a step-ladder, whitened by the moon, that streamed through a small window. My landlord sped up this as agilely as if he were not stout. I watched him to the top of it. He unclosed his hand, and put a key in the door that fronted the ladder. The lock turned noiselessly, and he went in, leaving the door ajar. Up that ladder I crept carefully. I was not so corpulent as the landlord, but my feet blundered and were not certain.

I reached the top without making a sound. Then I pushed open the door and stood within a room that I knew was the top loft.

In one moment I saw its peculiarities; in another I saw its mystery. The moonlight was radiantly cold within its compass; there was nothing revealed. It showed an attic with a lean-to roof, and the rafters above were rough and splintered. It lit up, with the height of contrast, black hangings that were nailed against the walls. It shone into the empty, blackened, ill-shaped room and lay upon the pile of a red rug that covered the centre of the floor; and upon a box with silver handles raised high in the midst; and upon an old man groveling before it in a posture that was too undone for kneeling, and too utterly debased for devotion.

And I, with senses alert, and with cold veins, moved a heavy step further into the room. My landlord sprang to his feet, and stood before me, and looked at me, and spoke no word. I spoke.

"You are found out at last, Mr. Fern," I said.

He looked at me, and waited for the words to form sense within his brain. Then, with a sigh and with unmoved acquiescence:

"Yes, at last."

I scarcely knew what to say next; the man did not defy me, he only looked nonplussed. "The law has reached you through me, Mr. Fern; you must submit to it."

"Yes, yes," he said, quietly; "but I delayed at this three year come October."

"Great Heaven!" I cried; "can you eaily of your crime? Are you hardened the most awful form of murder—"

"What?" said the man, dazed at the first word, and indignant and furious at the second.

"I am a murderer? Curse you! God curse you, sir, as you have foully judged me."

He laid his great hand upon my arm, shook it. The tears were running down his face, while the deep curses of a brave heart thronged to his lips, and stayed for powerlessness of utterance. I looked at him, and at the silvered coffin and at the absolute room, and wrenched my arm from his grasp.

"Then, in the name of your Judge, mine, what is that?" I said, pointing to a scaphidial box.

His anger died; his passion was quenched. He covered his face with his hands, and groaned his way to the little coffin, and his head upon it and cried with words indelible, some names of endearment, were framed in sobs. I felt a mover behind me, and turned to see Mrs. Fern. Her face was as white as the light illuminated it; but the strength of her being was unshaken by the funeral room, the stricken husband. She had put on a long gown, and beneath it her breath came and went quickly; otherwise the form of men was calm.

She looked at me and passed me, went to her husband and put her arms around his neck. He moved to her touch and laid his great tousled head upon her shoulder. The passion of grief which she had shown the balance of that joyful temperament. She smoothed his face with her hand as if it had been a baby's, she laid over his head her indomitable one, tearless, tender, powerful. And, after a time, a slight movement she brought my eyes back to the small window, and pointed him the heavens, from which all clouds were drifting, where the serene rested on blue between the glittering stars, stretched backwards from the bright window.

He lifted his small eyes to her face with a curious expression, like the appeal of a dumb brute that begs for a translation of feeling that it cannot give tongue to. There was no shade of sentimentality in Mrs. Fern's spoken answer to this mute speech.

"Why will you not look there instead of here?"

He turned back to the coffin and hid his face from the suggestion of the far-heavens. His words were thick and hoarse voice quivered.

"Because this is her. The bit of flesh is here; the lips I kissed are here; the cheek I loved is here. It is only the you say, not the spirit. The spirit may wonder, as cold and uncanny as those blue tears. But 'twas the dear body that I loved. The bright eyes, her blue eyes. I nailed them safe in here."

He nodded his head at me, and went on with a proud mounfulness I should not have expected of him.

"You called me a hard word, sir—a word that might tempt a man to be the vile brute you named. Your scent is mighty keen, sir, but it sniffed astray at the last. The demon that killed my child was Croup, and I kissed down her dead eyelids. You may go in the churchyard and see her name written on a gravestone, and you might have seen, three years ago, a funeral there. They put a coffin in the ground, didn't they? but it don't hold my darling."

He stood up straight now, and faced me with a tremor, with eagerness. Grief and passion gave him eloquence, and his defense was warn.

"Do you think I would give my pretty one to the filthy worms to eat out her eyes and crawl into her ears and feed on her lips? Do you think I would put her into the cold, the storm and the sodden earth? Couldn't the old roof that had sheltered her lively living body cover her when she was so mighty still, and gave no trouble? I read an old book that tells how to wrap up the dead, and they will keep at least for years. I made two coffins one within the other, and put her on a soft feather-bed inside them, and I shut her up, and they buried her, and kept her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hubbub. And you, sir, you're outwitted me. My loss is a keen loss, and she read something in your face. You never married; you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't; Lord, it ain't. It's the heart breaking; and the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my loss pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last

## MY NEIGHBOR'S CONFESSION.

Yes, this is what my neighbor said that night, in the still shadow of her stately house, (For it came to her when her head was white) What time dark leaves were weird in withering boughs;

And each late rose sighed with its latest breath, "This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."

But this is what my neighbor said to me:

"I grieved my youth away for that or this. I had upon my hand the ring you see,

With pretty babies in my arms to kiss,

And one man said I had the sweetest eyes,

He was quite sure, this side of Paradise.

"But then our crowded cottage was so small,

And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;

Then one would fret me with an India shawl,

And one dash by me in a diamond's light;

And one would show me yards of precious lace,

And one look coldly from her painted face.

"I did not know that I had everything

Till—I remember it. Ah me! ah me!

I who had ears to hear the wild bird's sing

And eyes to see the violet. It must be

A bitter fate that jewels the gray hair,

Which once was golden and had flowers to wear.

"In the old house, in my old room, for years,

The haunted cradle of my little ones gone

Would hardly let me look at it for tears,

Oh, my lost luster! I stay on and on,

Only to miss you from the empty light!

Of my lone fire—with my own grave in sight.

"In the old house too, in its own old place,

Handsome and young, and looking toward the gate.

Through which it flitted to meet me, is a face

For which, ah me! I never more shall wait

For which, ah me! I wait forever, I

Who, for the hope of it, can surely die.

"Young men write gracious letters here to me,

That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine.

The youth in this one crowds all Italy!

That glimmers with the far Pacific's shine.

The first poor little hand that warmed my breast

Wrote this—the date is old; you know the rest.

"Oh, if I only could have back my boys,

With their last gloves, and books for me to find,

Their scattered playthings, and their pleasant noise."

—S. M. B. Piatti in Scribner's.

## MY MYSTERIOUS LANDLORD.

English Magazine.

A pause of the heavy feet, and then they went on upwards, and my mind carried my body after them; for, with a sudden resolution, I turned into the stairway, and "followed my landlord in" my stocking-feet. He stood a moment at the next landing in the darkness, and his wife came to her bedroom door and entreated him to rest. He answered her doggedly, ordered her back to her bed, shut her door after her, and went on. I went on. A slight twirl in the landing showed a step-ladder, whitened by the moon that streamed through a small window. My landlord sped up this as agilely as if he were not stout. I watched him to the top of it. He unclosed his hand, and put a key in the door that fronted the ladder. The lock turned noiselessly, and he went in, leaving the door ajar. Up that ladder I crept carefully. I was not so confident as the landlord, but my feet blundered and were not certain.

I reached the top without making a sound. Then I pushed open the door and stood within a room that I knew was the top loft.

In one moment I saw its peculiarities; in another I saw its mystery. The moonlight was radiantly cold within its compass; there was nothing revealed. It showed an attic with a lean-to roof, and the rafters above were rough and splintered. It lit up, with the light of contrast, black hangings that were nailed against the walls. It shone into the empty, blackened, ill-shaped room and lay upon the pile of a red rug that covered the centre of the floor; and upon box with silver handles raised high in the midst; and upon an old man groveling before it in a posture that was too undone for kneeling and too utterly debased for devotion.

"And I, with senses alert, and with cold vein, moved a heavy step further into the room. My landlord sprang to his feet, and stood before me, and looked at me, and spoke no word. I spoke,

"You are found out at last, Mr. Fern," I said.

He looked at me, and waited for the words to form sense within his brain. Then, with a sigh and with unmoved acquiescence:

"Yes, at last."

I scarcely knew what to say next; the man did not defy me, he only looked nonplussed. "The law has reached you through me, Mr. Fern; you must submit to it."

"Yes, yes," he said, quietly; "but I have dined it this three year come October."

"Great Heaven!" cried; "can you talk coolly of your crime? Are you hardened to the most awful form of murder?" "Oh, what?" said the man, dazed at the first word and indignant and furious at the second. "I am a murderer? Curse you! God judge you, sir, as you have foully judged me."

He laid his great hand upon my arm, and shook it. The tears were running down his face, while the deep curses of a broken heart thronged to his lips, and stayed there for powerlessness of utterance. I looked at him and at the silvered coffin and at the desolate room, and wrenched my arm from his grasp.

"Then, in the name of your Judge and mine, what is that?" I said, pointing to the sepulchral box.

His anger died; his passion was quenched; he covered his face with his hands and groped his way to the little coffin and laid his head upon it and cried with words unintelligible some names of endearment that were framed in sobs. I felt a movement behind me, and turned to see Mrs. Fern. Her face was as white as the light that illuminated it, but the strength of her bearing was unbroken by the funeral room or the stricken husband. She had put on a long gown, and beneath it her breath came and went quickly; otherwise the form of her men was calm.

She looked at me and passed me, and went to her husband and put her arms around his neck. He moved to her touch, and laid his great tousled head upon her shoulder. The passion of grief which shook him showed the balance of that jovial temperament. She smoothed his face with her hand as if it had been a baby's; she bent over his head her indomitable one, fearless, tender, powerful. And, after a time, with a slight movement, she brought his eyes and hers to the small window, and pointed to the heavens, from which all clouds were drifting, where the serene rested deep blue between the glittering stars, and stretched backwards from the bright white moon.

He lifted his small eyes to her face with an curious expression, like the appeal of the dumb brute that begs for a translation of the feeling that it cannot give tongue to. There was no shade of sentimentality in Mrs. Fern's spoken answer to this mute speech.

"Why will you not look there instead of here?"

He turned back to the coffin and hid his face from the suggestion of the far-away heavens. His words were thick and his hoarse voice quivered.

"Because this is her. The bit of flesh I held is here; the lips I kissed are here; the cheek I loved is here. It is only the thing you say, not the spirit. The spirit may be yonder, as cold and uncanny as those blessed tears. But 'twas the dear body that I nursed and loved. The bright eyes, her blue eyes—I nailed them safe in here."

He nodded his head at me, and went on with a proud mournfulness I should not have expected of him.

"You called me a hard word, sir—a word that might tempt a man to be the vile brute you named. Your scent is mighty keen, sir, but it sniffed astray at the last. The demon that killed my child was Croup, and I kissed down her dead eyelids. You may go in the churchyard and see her name written on a gravestone, and you might have seen, three years ago, a funeral there. They put a coffin in the ground, didn't they? but it don't hold my darling."

He stood up straight now, and faced me with a tremor, with eagerness. Grief and passion gave him eloquence, and his defense was warm.

"Do you think I would give my pretty one to the filthy worms to eat out her eyes and crawl into her ears and feed on her lips? Do you think I would put her in to the cold, the storm and the sodden earth? Couldn't the old roof that had sheltered her lively living body cover her when she was so mighty still, and gave no trouble? I read an old book that tells how to wrap up the dead, and they will keep at least for years. I made two coffins one within the other, and put her on soft feather-bed inside them, and I shut her up and brought her here, and kept her here, and they buried an empty box yonder, and I and wife held an other service here, without a cleric, but with our groans and tears.

"And the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to-night my last pursued me not to come because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit would not hold. I had to come, and I came at last, just to see her quiet, after the hullabaloo. And you came, sir; you've outwitted me. My last is a keen last, and she read something in your face. You never married, you never lost a child. And you think it's easy to bury dead limbs out of your sight? But it ain't, Lord, it ain't. It's the heart-breaking thing; it's—O Lord!"

His head beat over the coffin-lid again. I stepped to Mrs. Fern, and whispered to her: "Forgive me; I will leave you now. I will go to my room until morning. Will you see me then?" She nodded, and I went.

A year later I stood in the churchyard of Baytown, and with me stood George, the oyster. The mortal remains of little Lucy Fern lay then beneath the gravestone. I had gone to the clergyman of the parish after that stormy night. He had heard my tale with some professional horror and with much human sympathy, and he had lent his aid in conveying to its last resting-place the coffin of the top loft.

And a year after, George and I stood together. The oyster rambled in his meditative style, while I listened:

"Bless you, sir, you did a sight of good to the master and missis. Queer whispers was always on the go. They never could be happy with a dead corpse a-corrying of itself over their heads. As my mother used to say, the worm must live, and we ain't no right to stand against the natural food of a thing. Curious thing, Miss Lucy died in storm; couldn't tell which howled the louder, it—or mother. Not missis, bless you, sir. She's one of that sort that chews her tears, reg'lar."

## THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN.

The Pleasant Impression it Made Upon the Low Humorist.

In a recent letter from Hartford, Conn., to the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye*, Mr. J. Burdette writes:

"The pleasantest view I had of the city was from the cozy fireside in that wonderful home of Mr. S. L. Clemens, who was my host during my stay in Hartford. I am not much addicted to cold weather. I am not sufficiently 'British' to wander through December and January in a short checked coat and no ulster. I am given to much wrapping up when I do go out in the snow, and to very little going out in the snow at all. I begin to shiver with the first frost, and I keep it up until the following April. And so when I can sit down before a bright wood fire, and burn up cigars while somebody entertains me, I love the icy Winter."

"I think I have never been in a home more beautifully home-like than this palace of the king of humorists. The surroundings of the house are beautiful, and its quaint architecture, broad East Indian porches, the Greek patterns in mosaic in the dark-red brick walls attract and charm the attention and good taste of the passer by, for the home, inside and out, is the perfection of exquisite taste and harmony."

"Yes; but you have such an outlandish shape," sneered the cod. "Why, there's neither head, nor tail, nor legs, nor arms to you. Your eyes are scarcely to be seen, and one little grim for a cent would split your whole face open."

"My eyes are plenty large enough to see that no two fish in the ocean agree," tartly replied the clam; "and, seeing this, I have no cause to smile. What you say about my form is true, but I am good chowder, for that, and I have no bones to trouble the throats of humanity."

"Well I am thankful that I wasn't born to begin and end my days in a sand-bank. I go everywhere. I take in all the free lunches. Small fish feed me, and big ones can't catch me. See how I glide around."

The cod took a circle around to show off. At that moment a fishhook, nicely baited dropped down between them.

"Now, if you only had a little more mouth you could get enough at one gulp to last you all day," remarked the cod, as he eyed the bait. "As it is you may stand by and see me take in that banquet. Just see what mouth will do for one in this world."

He opened his mouth, made a dive for the bait, and was about to winkle at the clam with his left eye, when he was suddenly pulled out of the water and landed in a boat.

"I think," mused the clam, as he closed his shell, "that it is a great deal nicer to be a clam on a sand bank, than a cod in a fish boat, but I'll be 'open' to argument next flood-tide."

Moral.—It is everything in knowing when to shut up.

any expressions were exchanged, and at the last general election John Bright had no more effective, but unobtrusive, supporter than the stranger whose political animosity he had dismally by politeness and sociability. This story I learn from a letter written by the man himself.

## TYPES OF STAGE KISSING.

The Abbott Kiss Artificially Considered—The Positive and the Comparative.

From Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton.

No amount of interviewing could evolve Miss Abbott's views on the kiss. All that she could be got to admit was that the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet was copied from a painting of Antony and Cleopatra, which she had seen at Milan. "People talk about what they are pleased to call 'the Abbott kiss,'" said she, "altogether forgetting that if the scene is not made realistic it would be utterly flat, stale, and unprofitable. I will not sing roles like Traviata, of which I do not approve, but those which I act I will act with my whole heart and whole soul, with all the art which God has given me. I have never sung yet that I was not accused of being in love with the tenor, just because I sing and act in dead earnest. That is what realism in art means."

So much for the positive kiss. The students of comparative kissing, who will, of course, look over the whole field in a historic way, will have to take into consideration the various schools of osculation. There was the platonic kiss of Kellogg, who used to fling them like icicles with her finger tips, and as Sher Campbell once said, there were chilblains in them. Then there was the Presbyterian kiss of Ade Dyas, who used to plant it on Montague's left ear, or on the back of his neck, and always created an impression in the gallery that she had bit him; and the Lotta bubble, which always sounded like the pulling of a cork, and seemed to be a number of linked kisses effervescent—a severe affair; somewhat motherly, and when dropped upon a stock actor always frightened him a little bit, as if he had pulled a New Testament out of his pocket instead of a pack of cards; and the Carey kiss—ah! The romantic kiss, that never began anywhere and never ended—that ran down the back, and tingled in the arms and legs, and made the hair stand on end, and was accompanied with laughter, whose echoes were undying; and the cavernous Soldene kiss, that opened its ponderous and marble jaws with a report like the bursting of an india rubber balloon.

Who shall formulate these schools for us? Certainly not Abbott; for her's is the spiritual kiss, and we are not educated up to it.

## A Story.

Exchange.

A codfish was one day sailing around in search of some one who might be inclined to a religious dispute, when he came across a clam. That was in the days when codfish put on a heap of airs over the clam tribe, and this particular fish stuck up his nose at that particular clam, and began:

"Here you are grubbing away on the same old sand-bank for a living, while I have journeyed a thousand miles in the last four weeks."

"I am quite content," replied the clam; "I am rather near-sighted, slow on foot, and nature did not intend me to travel far. Neither of us make more than a living, and I am satisfied if you are."

"Yes; but you have such an outlandish shape," sneered the cod. "Why, there's neither head, nor tail, nor legs, nor arms to you. Your eyes are scarcely to be seen, and one little grim for a cent would split your whole face open."

"My eyes are plenty large enough to see that no two fish in the ocean agree," tartly replied the clam; "and, seeing this, I have no cause to smile. What you say about my form is true, but I am good chowder, for that, and I have no bones to trouble the throats of humanity."

"Well I am thankful that I wasn't born to begin and end my days in a sand-bank. I go everywhere. I take in all the free lunches. Small fish feed me, and big ones can't catch me. See how I glide around."

He opened his mouth, made a dive for the bait, and was about to winkle at the clam with his left eye, when he was suddenly pulled out of the water and landed in a boat.

"I think," mused the clam, as he closed his shell, "that it is a great deal nicer to be a clam on a sand bank, than a cod in a fish boat, but I'll be 'open' to argument next flood-tide."

Moral.—It is everything in knowing when to shut up.

Books and Authors.

Mr. Henry W. Longfellow has lately written a kindly letter to Father A. J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, in which he says: "When you call yourself 'the last and least of those who rhyme,' you remind me of the graceful lines of Catullus to Cicerio: 'Receive the warm thanks of Catullus, the least of all poets; as much the least of all poets as you are the greatest of all advocates.'

"Last and least can no more be applied to you than 'passion' to Catullus."

Robert C. Winthrop will deliver the oration, and James Barron Hope the poem, at Yorktown's surrender celebration, by invitation of the committee having the ceremonies in charge.

The use of the word "well" at the beginning of a sentence is said by Englishmen to betray the speaker to be an American. If this be a true index of nativity, then Lord Beaconsfield must have been born on this side of the Atlantic. The author of "Endymion" puts the monosyllable in the mouth of nearly every one of his characters, and in a single page of chapter xxxix, occurs the following instances: "Well, you know I never like anything precipitate." "Well, I suppose I am an old-fashioned man." "Well, I send amusing people down to him." "Well, she must be very much in love with you." "Well, I do know." "Well, I have not." "Well, that is gallant."

# The Bismarck Tribune.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

TRIBUNE SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.50  
Six Months, 1.50  
Three Months, .75

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line, of Nonpareil type, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch.  
Professional cards, four lines or less, \$10 per annum.  
Advertisements in column of "Wants," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.  
Incentive advertisements at regular statute rates.  
Local poetry, \$1 per line.  
For contract rates of display advertising apply at this office or send for advertising rate card.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JAN. 14, 1881.

It is the Moorhead *Argonaut* now instead of the *Advocate*. A prettier paper but scarcely as good a name.

DARLING, the defaulting express agent at Valley City, was sentenced by Judge Barnes Monday to eighteen months in the house of correction at Detroit, Mich.

THE TRIBUNE acknowledges the receipt of the annual report of Horatio C. Burhard, the director of the United States mint, to the secretary of the treasury.

THAT most enterprising and representative newspaper of Montana, the *Helena Herald*, has come out with a new engraved head, & a perfect panorama of that wonderful country.

THE object of the law requiring the county clerk to hold all orders against the county until there are sufficient funds in the treasury to pay them, was to check the county from running in debt, but if some one can show wherein it operates in that direction he will confer a favor on the people.

THE write-up of Bismarck and other towns on the line of the North Pacific appeared in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of Jan. 14th. A card at the outset of the letter designates Pugget as a thief, etc., and says "lest for his action the letter would have appeared long ago. Editorially the *Inter-Ocean* says that either Bismarck or Janestown will undoubtedly become the capital of North Dakota if the territory is divided as is contemplated.

EASTERN papers can talk as much as they like about Sitting Bull not being a fighter, and as having no control or voice in matters of warfare, but it is nevertheless true that he was one of the main instigators in the battle that cost Gen. Custer his life, and although he has now comparatively few followers, yet he is the best schemer and the most far-sighted Indian chief on the frontier. Heavily plans to field himself from harm, and in so doing he only imitates the tactics of civilized warfare.

A FOUR days' session of the Red River Valley Musical Convention is announced to begin January 25th, at Glyndon, Minn. Prof. J. M. Stillman, a Chicago instructor, will be present, and the convention is an assured success. The convention will close on the 28th with a grand concert. The object of this convention is to gather together all lovers of music in the northwest. Visitor's tickets, admitting bearer to all the rehearsals and concert, are but \$1, and membership tickets—Gentlemen \$2, ladies, \$1.50. All visitors along the line will be at no expense for living, as the good people of Glyndon have provided for this important item.

AGAIN THE TRIBUNE urges upon the press of the territory and the legislature itself, the importance of the passage of a bill at this session authorizing the publication of the laws made by the assembly in the newspapers of the different sections of the territory. Every citizen should be as thoroughly acquainted with the laws as a few lawyers around the capital who are fortunate enough to get manuscript copies thereof. This law has proven highly satisfactory in Minnesota and the people of Dakota should be given the same privilege of acquainting themselves with the laws.

AS EVIDENCE of the confidence the people of this country and Europe have in the North Pacific railroad, the new bonds, which draw six per cent. interest, are selling at two per cent. premium. The earnings of the road for 1880 were \$2,542,900, an increase of \$388,535 over 1879. The great importance of this road is now recognized by everyone, whereas a few years ago it was considered a venturesome scheme and a swindle on the American people. Now the voices of thousands of prosperous families swell the chorus which bids the poor man come west and provide bounteously for his family.

THERE is no justice in the law which prevents the county clerk from issuing orders to the creditors of the county upon the auditing of their bills. The law was intended to check the county from running in debt, but as the bills are allowed, and the orders held by the clerk until such time as there is money in the treasury to pay them, it is evident that the law has failed in its purpose. Every man should, after his bill has been allowed, have the order to do with as the requirements of his financees seem to suggest. If he wants to discount it for cash rather than hold it until there is money to pay it in the county treasury, he should have a right to do so. There are men who now trust the county who do not feel able to carry these bills on their

books. If the law is not repealed three or four prices will be charged for goods which will be still worse for the county.

JUD LAMOUR, of Pembina, is anxious to have the legislature recommend the division of the Territory, and call the northern portion Pembina. This might gratify the local whims of the northeast corner of Dakota, but outside of that latitude, such a proceeding will be wholly disconcerted. The world-wide reputation of the matchless wheatfields and agricultural resources of North Dakota, have rendered that name familiar, until it is almost synonymous to "peace and plenty," and is the best capital stock this part of the territory has, especially as an emigration incentive. "A rose as any other name might smell as sweet," to its possessor, but outside the reach of its fragrance under another name, would lose all its sweet significance. The thousands that are now looking Dakotawards, with intentions of seeking this famous Eldorado, would not know Pembina, and might be deceived by getting into that part of the territory bearing the name of Dakota, but not being the Elysian spot they sought, that is North Dakota through which passes the North Pacific Railroad, and has a just celebrity of being the granary of the world. A bill to change its name should be choked off as quick as introduced by being "laid on the table," better perhaps, lay it under the table. A good ways under.

THE TRIBUNE has always held a most sanguine opinion that the Black Hills mines would be dealing out precious metals in large quantities long after those in the vicinity of Leadville, Colo., shall have become exhausted. With the advance of railroads to that section, more expensive machinery will be used, and corresponding profitable results will follow. There are mountains of ore yet undiscovered in the hills, and mountains now in view awaiting sufficient capital to work them. The *Deadwood Times* of a recent date says: "On yesterday the Homestake paid another extra as well as regular dividend each of \$30,000, aggregating \$60,000, making a total of twenty-eight dividends, or \$840,000 returned to stock holders. If there are any better properties in the country, we do not know of them."

AT the recent meeting in Mandan to consider the division of Dakota, Mr. T. J. Mitchell stated that he had found by accurate measurement that if Dakota should be divided on the seventh standard parallel, the geographical centre of the north half would be a point ten miles east and forty miles north of Bismarck. It is scarcely probable that anyone will rush to that point in expectation of the capital's immediate establishment.

THE selection of Dr. J. H. Harding, of the Black Hills, for speaker of the territorial council is but a just recognition of that section and the unquestioned ability of the man. Mr. Harding is one of Deadwood's most worthy and enterprising men, and he can also be relied upon as a friend to North Dakota as well.

AN article from THE TRIBUNE which is going the rounds of the press regarding the townsite of Glendive, refers to twenty-four blocks platted in that future city. It should read 224. Western towns cover more ground than those in the east.

THE Fargo *Times* regrets exceedingly that the city of Fargo has no representative in the territorial legislature, and says, that it is preposterous to claim that a man from another part of the county can represent the loyal citizens of that burg.

THE bird's-eye view of Bismarck will be introduced by Mr. Wallace, at Yankton, to show how crowded the buildings at the landing must have been last summer to accommodate so many actual settlers and voters.

AFTER this week a general summary of the proceedings at Yankton will be found on the second page.

THERE was a man in Bismarck. He was no wondrous wise. He thought his business would run itself. And he didn't advertise. Well, business was dull at first. But better times came, and, its queer. One day there was a rush, he sold all his stuff. But Sheriff McKenzie was the auctioneer.

Helligan Review: Quarterly meeting services were held at the Methodist church last Saturday and Sunday by Rev. J. B. Starkey, of Faro, the presiding elder of the Red River district, which includes Bismarck and "everything west of it." The elder preached three powerful sermons, and notwithstanding the severity of the weather, to goodly sized audiences. His visit has proved a blessing to the church and the community. On Monday night Rev. J. Walker Jackson, D. D., preached a beautiful sermon on "The Name," which the pastor hopes may be repeated at no distant day.

Encourage Immigration. There can be no doubt but that Bismarck would have been very dull this winter if it were not for the grain raised by the few farmers in Burleigh County last year, the money for which is now in circulation at Bismarck. Encourage immigration and farming and the city will boom accordingly.

Freed the Farmer. C. W. Frede is now actively engaged in fitting up his new hotel No. 13 Fourth street, formerly Champion Hall. Mr. Frede understands the hotel business

well as farming and proposes to be ready for the spring boom.

## Sunday Afternoon Lecture.

In addition to the regular morning and evening services in the Methodist Church, the pastor proposes to deliver a series of Sunday afternoon lectures, the first to be given next Sunday at 3 o'clock. Subject, "The Bible."

## WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.

For Sale.  
FOR SALE—Office for my property on 23 Street, 34th from Broadway, covered building, one 60 feet long the other 30. Will sell one or two teams in payment. Balance cash. Reasons for selling to go on my claim at 17th Street in the spring. 33m3 P. R. BARRETT.

FOR SALE—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 36th

FOR SALE—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Sibley, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

FOR RENT OR SALE—The store room in the Tribune block. Enquire of S. Selleck, Stillwater, Minn. 181st

Money to Loan.  
MONEY TO LOAN.—Terms to suit. 33m3 F. J. CALL.

\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. 33m3 FLANNERY & WETHERBY.

MONEY TO LOAN.—Terms to suit. 33m3 M. P. STATTERY.

41stm 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

## Miscellaneous.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large in-voice just received at MARSHALL's, 76 Main Street.

HOPELISTS and Bismarck people generally who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

GET your watch regulated at H. H. Day's 29th Main street.

\$72 a week, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TUCK & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples work \$5 free. Address STIXSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. G. RICH & CO., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address A. H. HALLST & CO., Portland, Maine.

French kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL's.

Madame Leveine's Luxuria

Restores and enlarges the female bust. The most remedial remedy in the market. Every lady is invited to address for circulars free. MILLER & CO., 176 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. 33m3

AGENTS AND CANNASSEURS

Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling general. B. G. RIDECUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.

Send for their Catalogue and terms. 161

GEO. W. SWEET. JOHN A. STOYELL.

SWEET & STOYELL.

Real Estate Agents.

No. 111 on 4th Street, Bismarck, S. D. Lands, houses, buildings and all property in Burleigh County and vicinity. We have the only complete set of abstracts in the county. Contested land claims before the local and general land office made a specialty.

Report of the Condition of the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF BISMARCK.

At Bismarck, in the Territory of Dakota, at the close of business, Dec. 31, 1880.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts..... \$89,926.67

Overdrafts..... 157.50

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation..... 50,000.00

Other stocks, bonds and mortgages..... 7,286.99

Due from approved reserve agents..... 19,983.97

Due from other National Banks..... 15,001.19

General merchandise and fixtures..... 2,889.26

Current expenses and taxes paid..... 1,058.13

Checks and other cash items..... 1,250.77

Bills of lading and bank notes..... 3,355.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies..... 17.44

Specie..... 2,055.73

Legal tender notes..... 8,500.00

Receivable fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)..... 2,250.00

Total LIABILITIES..... \$200,355.70

Capital stock paid in..... \$50,000.00

Surplus fund..... 1,000.00

Undrawn profits..... 7,192.80

National bank notes outstanding..... 45,000.00

Individual deposits subject to check..... 54,523.19

Demand certificates of deposit..... 7,834.32

Time certificates of deposit..... 34,692.95

Due to other National Banks..... 122.44

Total TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh, in District Court, 3d Judicial.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain execution issued out of the District Court of said county, on a judgment recovered in an action between J. W. Raymond & CO., plaintiffs, and the City of Bismarck, in favor of said plaintiffs, and while judgment has been assigned to S. L. Hobert by said plaintiffs, and said execution being against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of said Robert Hobert, I have levied upon and seized all the property of which I am entitled to receive for the relief demanded in the complaint, including the costs and disbursements of this action.

Dated at Bismarck, D. T., this 11th day of November, 1880. JOHN A. STOYELL.

Attala's Attorney, Bismarck, D. T.

ALEX. MCKENZIE, Sheriff Burleigh Co., D. T.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY, Atty's for Plaintiff. 33-37

J. ROGERS & CO.

LAND NOTICE.

J. ROGERS & CO. at Bismarck, D. T., January 12, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and to make entry thereof, Tuesday, February 13, 1881, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the office of the Clerk of the District Court in the city of Bismarck, in said county, within thirty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service.

I have failed to receive the complaint within that time. The Plaintiff will file his proof in support of his claim, and the defendant will file his counter-complaint, and serve a copy of your answer upon the Plaintiff, and his entry will be made upon the record in the city of Bismarck, in said county, within thirty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service.

Dated January 6, 1881. F. P. BROWN.

Notary Public.

H. R. PORTER.

DAN. KIRKENDALL.

ASA FISHER.

Directors.

J. ROGERS & CO.

WHOLESALE LIQUORS.

For Sale,

The Ferry Boat

UNION

Together with the Ferry Franchise in Burleigh County,

is offered for sale. The boat was

Thoroughly Repaired

**THE GREAT NORTHWEST.**

As Viewed by Miss Nellie Brightman, the Talented Editorress. Many of the citizens of Bismarck, and also of Fort Benton, will remember Miss Nellie Brightman, a bright and accomplished lady who last year went up the river to assume charge of the literary end of the Benton *Record*, but, failing to convince herself that the west was a fit field for the flowing pen of a female writer, went back to Boston again last fall. In a recent issue of the New York *Evening Star* appears a letter dated North Pacific R. R., Nov. 2, 1880, in which her ideas of the west are clearly set forth. In speaking of Bismarck, she says:

"Bismarck is a curious and interesting town. It is one of the hopeful signs of this region, that wherever there is a village there is a minister; hardly do settlers have time to emerge from a 'shack' into a house, when up goes a meeting-house; not always with a visible steeple, but with one in the plan. This is the condition of the Methodist church at Bismarck. There are other churches of smaller proportions, but the Methodist edifice, and its neat little parsonage, are a surprise. It is to the endeavors of the Rev. James M. Bell, editor of a little denominational paper called the *Church and Home*, that the town owes the erection of these buildings, and the church edifice in the ancient town of Mandan, across the river. The church in Bismarck will hold 500 comfortably, and though just now waiting like many a traveler, for remittances, it cannot long remain destitute. In the little parsonage is a model wife for a minister, a charming hostess, a talented writer, energetic, helpful, cheerfully doing good to all as she has opportunity, and with pen and voice persuading mankind to walk in wisdom's ways. In the absence of her husband, she ably conducts the little periodical, and should not be permitted by the public to make her 'bow' when the editor comes home. Another of the rising stars in the western hemisphere is Mr. Jewell, of the Bismarck *Tribune*, cousin of the Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut. It is a question open to discussion whether it is he or the genial Col. Louisburgh, who is the 'funny man' of that brilliant sheet. With him is often seen Mr. F. J. Hayes, editor-at-large of the Northern Pacific Railway, whose headquarters are at Fargo, D. T. His views of the banks of the Missouri, of steamboat life, and of the Indians, are perfect. I am not sure but to look at his views, through a stereoscope, is the best way to go to that country, you get all the beauty and novelty, with none of the hardships. I saw him with his little skiff, and I know what a difficult work he had in hand, neither pictures nor correspondence give an approximate idea of what it costs. The principal topic of conversation on the train is the crops. Everybody is threshing. They are threshing on President Hayes' farm. Mr. Steele is threshing wheat, and has a yield of 35 bushels to the acre. He sent 1,500 bushels to the North Western Mills, at Minneapolis, at five cents per bushel in advance of market price. As the cars pass along through the open country, these farms are in plain view from the window. The laborers in active duty, and the great wheat wagons heavily loaded rolling along within a stone's throw of us. Square-mile farms are common, 640 acres which are called sections. A 'quarter section' is the usual size for a claim, then there are 'tree claims,' when the purchaser engages to plant trees on ten out of the 160. The confidence that these people have in the future is melancholy; they are planting seeds of apple trees in expectation of seeing the apples grow."

**BANK.**

WALTER MANN, Pres't. G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r. St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK** OF BISMARCK, Dakota.

Paid up Capital \$50,000

**DIRECTORS:**

WALTER MANN, G. H. FAIRCHILD, H. R. PORTER, ARA FISHER, DAN LIEBERSON.

**CORRESPONDENTS:** American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York. First National Bank, Chicago. Merchants' Nat. Bank, St. Paul.

Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits.

Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamers.

**28th**

Popular Monthly Drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Co., AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE, In the City of Louisville, on

**MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1881.**

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the general assembly of Kentucky, Incorporating the Newspaper Publishing and Newspaper Co., approved April 9, 1878.

**This is a special act, and has never been repealed.** The United States Circuit Court on March 31, rendered the following decisions:

**1st.—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.**

**2d.—That drawings are not fraudulent.**

The company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

**JANUARY DRAWING.**

1 Prize, \$10,000. 100 Prizes \$100 ea \$10,000. 1 Prize, \$10,000. 200 Prizes, 50 ea \$10,000. 1 Prize, \$5,000. 600 Prizes, 30 ea \$18,000. 19 Prizes \$1,000 each. 10,000. 1000 Prizes 10 ea \$10,000. 20 Prizes \$100 each. 10,000. 9 Prizes \$200 each. Approximation Prizes \$2,700. 9 Prizes \$200 each. 100 ea \$100. 9 Prizes \$100 each, " \$100.

1,000 Prizes, \$100 each. \$10,000.

**Whole Tickets \$2. Half Tickets \$1.**

**27 Tickets \$50. 55 Tickets \$100.**

Remit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express. DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED LETTER OR POST-OFFICE ORDER. Orders for \$100 or more by Express, can be sent at our office, and will be paid for by the **W. H. W. COMER**, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or T. J. Commerford, 225 Broadway, New York.

**W. H. W. COMER,** Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

**MEAT MARKET****MONTANA MARKET,**

Corner Second and Main Streets.

**JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,** DEALERS IN

**FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,**

**POULTRY, GAME,**

**Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and**

**Canned Goods.**

**Special Attention given to the Steam-**

**boat Trade.**

**T. J. MITCHELL,** GENERAL

**LAND AGENT,**

**MANDAN, D. T.**

Buys and sells deeded and Railroad lands on commission. Represents the various Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture claims, and contracts for breaking and plowing land, etc. Have complete township plots of all surveyed lands west of the Missouri River on the Missouri Division of the North Pacific Railroad.

**Soldiers' Additional Homesteads**

**And Sioux Half-Breed Scrip Fur-**

**nished at Reasonable Rates**

to parties who prefer to perfect title to lands without residing thereon. Can also furnish, at reduced rates.

**Certified Scrip**

which can be used in payment for Pre-Emption Lands the same as money. Correspondence solicited.

20

**H. H. HANES.** A. C. DAVIS.

**BISMARCK**

**TREE PLANTING**

**COMPANY,**

**Bismarck, Dakota.**

We are prepared to furnish trees for "tree culture" or ornamental shrubbery, in quantities to be sent to any station on the North Pacific coast or Denver, etc., at the following rates, payable C. O. D.:

Cottonwood, 2 years old, \$5 per thousand. Cottonwood cuttings, 2 feet long, \$4 per thousand.

Elm, 2 to 4 years old, \$6 per thousand. Elm cuttings, 1000 each, \$5 per thousand.

Shepherdia (Bulberry) for hedges and fruit, perfectly hardy, to 25 cents each.

White Ash, for shade trees, 3 to 30 cents each.

A few kinds of ornamental trees from the oldest nursery in Minnesota. Trees set at reasonable rates by an experienced tree-planter.

Addreses to HANES & DAVIS, Managers, Bismarck, Dakota.

**Sweet & Stoyell,**

**REAL ESTATE AGENTS,**

**No. 11 North 4th Street,**

**BISMARCK, D. T.**

**Lands Located Bought and Sold.**

Conveyancing and Abstracts of Title to all lands and town property in Burleigh County furnished.

We have the only complete set of abstracts in the county. Contested land claims before the local and General Land Offices made a specialty.

2006.

**LUMBER**

**WHOLESALE**

**BUILDING**

**MATERIAL**

We can supply anything used

in the construction of a Building.

Write us. C. S. WEAVER & CO.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

**EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,**

**34 N. Fourth St.**

**Practical Boot Maker,**

— Likewise —

**BUILDER OF SHOES**

Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best

Material used. Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing Neatly Done.

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE.**

**H. KARBERG,**

**INDIAN TRADER,**

AND DEALER IN

General Merchandise,

Standing Rock Agency, D. T.

**Bismarck and Ft. Buford**

**STAGE AND EXPRESS**

A. D.

**U. S. MAIL.**

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sunday, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.

Leave Fort Buford on same days as

Leave Bismarck, at 8 a. m., for express.

For express, freight or passenger apply to

JOHN LEASNER,

Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co.'s, or to

LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford

City.

**W. H. W. COMER,** Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PARLORS,** Main St., next to First National Bank.

Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS.**

Proprietor

**TONSorial PAR**

FREE 8 12 15 18 21 24 27 30 33 36 39 42 45 48 51 54 57 60 63 66 69 72 75 78 81 84 87 90 93 96 99 102 105 108 111 114 117 120 123 126 129 132 135 138 141 144 147 150 153 156 159 162 165 168 171 174 177 180 183 186 189 192 195 198 201 204 207 210 213 216 219 222 225 228 231 234 237 240 243 246 249 252 255 258 261 264 267 270 273 276 279 282 285 288 291 294 297 300 303 306 309 312 315 318 321 324 327 330 333 336 339 342 345 348 351 354 357 360 363 366 369 372 375 378 381 384 387 390 393 396 399 402 405 408 411 414 417 420 423 426 429 432 435 438 441 444 447 450 453 456 459 462 465 468 471 474 477 480 483 486 489 492 495 498 501 504 507 510 513 516 519 522 525 528 531 534 537 540 543 546 549 552 555 558 561 564 567 570 573 576 579 582 585 588 591 594 597 600 603 606 609 612 615 618 621 624 627 630 633 636 639 642 645 648 651 654 657 660 663 666 669 672 675 678 681 684 687 690 693 696 699 702 705 708 711 714 717 720 723 726 729 732 735 738 741 744 747 750 753 756 759 762 765 768 771 774 777 780 783 786 789 792 795 798 801 804 807 810 813 816 819 822 825 828 831 834 837 840 843 846 849 852 855 858 861 864 867 870 873 876 879 882 885 888 891 894 897 900 903 906 909 912 915 918 921 924 927 930 933 936 939 942 945 948 951 954 957 960 963 966 969 972 975 978 981 984 987 990 993 996 999 1002 1005 1008 1011 1014 1017 1020 1023 1026 1029 1032 1035 1038 1041 1044 1047 1050 1053 1056 1059 1062 1065 1068 1071 1074 1077 1080 1083 1086 1089 1092 1095 1098 1101 1104 1107 1110 1113 1116 1119 1122 1125 1128 1131 1134 1137 1140 1143 1146 1149 1152 1155 1158 1161 1164 1167 1170 1173 1176 1179 1182 1185 1188 1191 1194 1197 1200 1203 1206 1209 1212 1215 1218 1221 1224 1227 1230 1233 1236 1239 1242 1245 1248 1251 1254 1257 1260 1263 1266 1269 1272 1275 1278 1281 1284 1287 1290 1293 1296 1299 1302 1305 1308 1311 1314 1317 1320 1323 1326 1329 1332 1335 1338 1341 1344 1347 1350 1353 1356 1359 1362 1365 1368 1371 1374 1377 1380 1383 1386 1389 1392 1395 1398 1401 1404 1407 1410 1413 1416 1419 1422 1425 1428 1431 1434 1437 1440 1443 1446 1449 1452 1455 1458 1461 1464 1467 1470 1473 1476 1479 1482 1485 1488 1491 1494 1497 1500 1503 1506 1509 1512 1515 1518 1521 1524 1527 1530 1533 1536 1539 1542 1545 1548 1551 1554 1557 1560 1563 1566 1569 1572 1575 1578 1581 1584 1587 1590 1593 1596 1599 1602 1605 1608 1611 1614 1617 1620 1623 1626 1629 1632 1635 1638 1641 1644 1647 1650 1653 1656 1659 1662 1665 1668 1671 1674 1677 1680 1683 1686 1689 1692 1695 1698 1701 1704 1707 1710 1713 1716 1719 1722 1725 1728 1731 1734 1737 1740 1743 1746 1749 1752 1755 1758 1761 1764 1767 1770 1773 1776 1779 1782 1785 1788 1791 1794 1797 1800 1803 1806 1809 1812 1815 1818 1821 1824 1827 1830 1833 1836 1839 1842 1845 1848 1851 1854 1857 1860 1863 1866 1869 1872 1875 1878 1881 1884 1887 1890 1893 1896 1899 1902 1905 1908 1911 1914 1917 1920 1923 1926 1929 1932 1935 1938 1941 1944 1947 1950 1953 1956 1959 1962 1965 1968 1971 1974 1977 1980 1983 1986 1989 1992 1995 1998 2001 2004 2007 2010 2013 2016 2019 2022 2025 2028 2031 2034 2037 2040 2043 2046 2049 2052 2055 2058 2061 2064 2067 2070 2073 2076 2079 2082 2085 2088 2091 2094 2097 2100 2103 2106 2109 2112 2115 2118 2121 2124 2127 2130 2133 2136 2139 2142 2145 2148 2151 2154 2157 2160 2163 2166 2169 2172 2175 2178 2181 2184 2187 2190 2193 2196 2199 2202 2205 2208 2211 2214 2217 2220 2223 2226 2229 2232 2235 2238 2241 2244 2247 2250 2253 2256 2259 2262 2265 2268 2271 2274 2277 2280 2283 2286 2289 2292 2295 2298 2301 2304 2307 2310 2313 2316 2319 2322 2325 2328 2331 2334 2337 2340 2343 2346 2349 2352 2355 2358 2361 2364 2367 2370 2373 2376 2379 2382 2385 2388 2391 2394 2397 2400 2403 2406 2409 2412 2415 2418 2421 2424 2427 2430 2433 2436 2439 2442 <small

**BISMARCK BUSINESS CARDS.**

JOHN A. STOVELL—Attorney, 13 N. Fourth Street.

DAVID STEWART—Attorney, Fourth Street.

JOHN E. CARLAND—Attorney, (City Attorney) 64 Main Street.

FLANNERY &amp; WETHERBY—Attorneys, 47 Main Street.

GEO. P. FLANNERY . . . J. E. WETHERBY.

A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S.—DENTAL ROOMS, 12 W. Main Street.

H. R. PORTER, M. D.—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, U. S. Examining Physician, Office, 37 Main st. . . . Next to Tribune Block.

BANK OF BISMARCK, J. W. RAYMOND, President, W. B. BELL, Cashier.

A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, WALTER MANN, President, GEO. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier. Correspondents—American Exchange National Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

W. M. A. BENTLEY, M. D.—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Calls left on the slate in the office will receive prompt attention. Office 41 Main st., Tribune Block.

EMER N. COREY, U. S. COMMISSIONER, Judge of Probate and Clerk of District Court. Office one door below Tribune Block.

GEO. W. SWEET, . . . JNO. A. SOYELL SWEET &amp; SOYELL, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, No. 11 N. Fourth st., Bismarck, D. T.

Lands located, bought and sold; surveying and abstracts of title to all lands and town property in Burleigh county furnished. We have the only complete set of abstracts in the county. Contested land claims before the local and general land offices made a specialty.

HOTELS.

SHERIDAN HOUSE, E. H. BLY, Proprietor.

THE LARGEST AND

Best Hotel in Dakota Territory

Cor. Main and Fifth Sts.,

BISMARCK, D. T.

CUSTER HOTEL,

THOMAS McGOWAN,

PROPRIETOR,

Fifth Street near Main,

BISMARCK, D. T.

This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and all people will find first-class accommodations at reasonable rates.

B. R. MARSH . . . J. D. WAKEMAN.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

Cor. Main and Third Sts.,

BISMARCK, D. T.

MARSH &amp; WAKEMAN,

PROPRIETORS.

Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable.

J. G. MALLOY . . . P. F. MALLOY.

WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Proprietors.

EXCELLENT

Accommodations at Reasonable Rates.

ALSO AGENTS OF THE

Cunard Line of Steamers.

Passage tickets from New York and Boston to all seaports in Europe and Great Britain.

BAKERY.

JOHN YEGEN

BISMARCK, D. T.,

CITY BAKERY.

Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruit,

CONFECTIONERY, Etc.

Choice Goods and Fresh, and delivered free to any part of the city.

GUN SHOP.

O. H. BEAL,

DEALER IN

FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION,

Fishing Tackle, Etc.

Sharp's &amp; Winchester Rifles

A SPECIALTY.

Particular attention given to repairing. Orders by mail promptly filled.

Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

WALL PAPER, ETC.

CLIFF BROS.,

WALL PAPER

—AND—

NOTIONS,

Paints, Oils, Glass, Glue, Putty

Varnish Brushes, Etc.

Mixed Paints Always on Hand.

BISMARCK, D. T.

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the more pleasant and profitable business.

We will furnish you everything, \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes and at the same time getting rich. You can get rich and you can make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage in this once will find a short road to fortune. Address E. HALLIT &amp; CO., Portland, Maine.

Newspaper Archive

**ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS.**

CRAIG &amp; LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third street, St. Paul.

PERKINS &amp; LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 31 Robert street, St. Paul.

**MINNEAPOLIS CARDS.**

MERCHANTS HOTEL—Corner of Third street and 1st Avenue North. \$2 per day, located in the very center of business, two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge. Street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

**JOHN C. OSWALD,**

Wholesale Dealer in

**Wines, Liquors and Cigars.**

17 Washington Ave, Minn.

**CLOTHING.****MATHEWS, GOOD & SCHURMEIER,**

THE LARGEST

**TAILORING**

ESTABLISHMENT

**In the Northwest.**

Importers and Jobbers of

**Fine Woolens & Trimmings.**

82 Jackson St.,

St. Paul, Minn.

**LIVERY STABLE.****OSTLAND'S****Livery & Feed Stable,**

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

**Some Reminiscences of Thackeray.**

January Atlantic.

When I saw Mr. Thackeray pass our carriage door I knew him, and therefore captured him. Desirous of making way for him, I remarked to my fellow-travelers, a Frenchman and his wife, "I would like to make a place for Mr. Thackeray." The fact that I named Mr. Thackeray made no impression, apparently, on my French friends. I annotated my remark by saying, "Mr. Thackeray, the celebrated English author."

Same indifference. Having hailed Mr. Thackeray and got him installed, as pre-liminary remark I referred to my effort to explain his status to my neighbors, and to the impression I had made.

He laughed, and said: "Oh, it takes fifty years for an English reputation to travel to France." (Indeed, something strongly confirming that view happened only last year. To a congress of literary men called to meet in Paris, invitations were sent out to foreign authors of distinction to be present, and among them to Thackeray and Dickens!) He discussed the reasons for the American Revolution, claiming that the resistance of our ancestors to the stamp act was unjustifiable. I am afraid the case for the defense was weak, for at that time, being a college graduate, I think I had studied almost everything a man ought to know for the literary salvation except American history.

The interest of the conversation centered on his treatment of women in his works. It being represented that he took a low view of female character, his reply literally was, "Would you have me describe them other than they are?" That of course provoked a discussion as to the facts. He became communicative about himself; he spoke of his candidacy for parliament, what it cost him—a large amount of money, which he named. He stood for the University of Oxford, and was beaten by Sir Robert Walter Cardwell, who was afterwards, I believe unseated for bribery. I asked him how they took his treatment of the Georges in England, in those killing lectures. He said the aristocracy had cut him. He spoke particularly of Lord Wensleydale, the Baron Park of the lawyers. He and Wensleydale had long been friends, "but after the lectures," said Thackeray, "he cut me completely."

I remarked to Mr. Thackeray that he had ventured no criticisms upon our people after his return home; and that I should be glad to know what displeased him most in our ways. He replied promptly, "the abuse heaped by the newspapers on one another; and it wasn't cleverly done, with the exception of a Philadelphia editor, and I told him to keep watch on him." If Mr. Thackeray could come again, what would he say? The remarks which were, perhaps, of the deepest interest related to the style of authors. One sentence can never be forgotten: "If I were to write as I would like, I would adopt the style of Fielding and Smollett; but society would not tolerate it."

The discussion now going on between realism or naturalism and sentimentalism is here foreshadowed. Of course we condemn much that Fielding and Smollett wrote, and what Zola writes, because they speak too plainly, grossly, if you like; but it remains essentially true that their style, as a style, is now fighting for recognition with some chance of success.

Thackeray has, to my mind, not only been influenced in his style by his models, Fielding and Smollett, but by the style in which fiction is treated by the best French authors. The condensed, incisive, epigrammatic, and natural style of Thackeray is clearly characteristic of the modern French school of fiction.

**A Rare Old Bible.**

There is an old Bible in the Congressional Library, in the Capitol, which is well worth an examination. It is of Italian origin, and is supposed to have been written in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but the actual date is unknown. It is written in Latin, upon vellum, in clear, bold characters, and extremely uniform. The writing is in two columns, about three inches wide, with a margin of two inches. It is embellished with 146 miniature paintings, and upward of 1,200 smaller illuminations, which are beautifully executed and are as brilliant to-day as the day they were done. The initials of books and prologues are two and a half inches in height. It is contained in two large volumes, and cost the Government \$2,200 in gold, when gold was at high premium, and was purchased at a sale of the library of Henry Perkins, Harworth Park, near London, in June, 1873. The skins in the first volume have been repaired, and except five in the second volume, they are nearly all perfect.

**CONFECTIONERY.**

Choice Goods and Fresh, and delivered free to any part of the city.

**GUN SHOP.****O. H. BEAL,**

DEALER IN

**FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION,**

Fishing Tackle, Etc.

**Sharp's & Winchester Rifles**

A SPECIALTY.

Particular attention given to repairing. Orders by mail promptly filled.

Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

**WALL PAPER, ETC.****CLIFF BROS.,****WALL PAPER**

—AND—

**NOTIONS,****Paints, Oils, Glass, Glue, Putty**

Varnish Brushes, Etc.

**Mixed Paints Always on Hand.**

BISMARCK, D. T.

**A Rare Old Bible.**

There is an old Bible in the Congressional Library, in the Capitol, which is well worth an examination. It is of Italian origin, and is supposed to have been written in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but the actual date is unknown. It is written in Latin, upon vellum, in clear, bold characters, and extremely uniform. The writing is in two columns, about three inches wide, with a margin of two inches. It is embellished with 146 miniature paintings, and upward of 1,200 smaller illuminations, which are beautifully executed and are as brilliant to-day as the day they were done. The initials of books and prologues are two and a half inches in height. It is contained in two large volumes, and cost the Government \$2,200 in gold, when gold was at high premium, and was purchased at a sale of the library of Henry Perkins, Harworth Park, near London, in June, 1873. The skins in the first volume have been repaired, and except five in the second volume, they are nearly all perfect.

**CONFECTIONERY.**

Choice Goods and Fresh, and delivered free to any part of the city.

**GUN SHOP.****O. H. BEAL,**

DEALER IN

**FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION,**

Fishing Tackle, Etc.

**Sharp's & Winchester Rifles**

A SPECIALTY.

Particular attention given to repairing. Orders by mail promptly filled.

Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

**WALL PAPER, ETC.****CLIFF BROS.,****WALL PAPER**

—AND—

**NOTIONS,****Paints, Oils, Glass, Glue, Putty**

Varnish Brushes, Etc.

**Mixed Paints Always on Hand.**

BISMARCK, D. T.

**A Rare Old Bible.**

There is an old Bible in the Congressional Library, in the Capitol, which is well worth an examination. It is of Italian origin, and is supposed to have been written in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but the actual date is unknown. It is written in Latin, upon vellum, in clear, bold characters, and extremely uniform. The writing is in two columns, about three inches wide, with a margin of two inches. It is embellished with 146 miniature paintings, and upward of 1,200 smaller illuminations, which are beautifully executed and are as brilliant to-day as the day they were done. The initials of books and prologues are two and a half inches in height. It is contained in two large volumes, and cost the Government \$2,200 in gold, when gold was at high premium, and was purchased at a sale of the library of Henry Perkins, Harworth Park, near London, in June, 1873. The skins in the first volume have been repaired, and except five in the second volume, they are nearly all perfect.

**CONFECTIONERY.**

Choice Goods and Fresh, and delivered free to any part of the city.

**GUN SHOP.****O. H. BEAL,**

DEALER IN

## AT FIFTY.

From Harper's Bazaar.

Yes, fifty is a great age—people seem to think it is; a half century. I have felt it as I looked back upon the years: I have felt it as I looked before me in the glass; I have felt it in the society of Belle and her mates; I have felt it when people treated me with the cool politeness due their own self-respect, and, that done, have fled to the charms of little Belle and Alice, that only yesterday I remember in their cradles; and if I had any common-sense I should not have felt it with the regret I did.

But I hated all along to be growing toward fifty. I hated to see that I could not sit out doors of an evening without a little shawl; that I could not take the old rambles and rides of my youth unless fatigued; that instead of thriving freshly in every nerve to the beauty of sunset and scenery as I used to do, I quivered only in remembering how I used to thrill.

And then, too, I dreaded to be old, thinking if some day—some day—Maskelyn should see me, and pass by without knowing me, or, if knowing me, by knowing only to suffer mortal shock at the sight, never thinking that Maskelyn also was growing old. Ah, perhaps I should have dreaded it all the more if I had thought the years were setting lines in the smooth olive of that face, were dimming the fire of those great eyes, were whitening the darkness of the locks that fell across that brow of his, were impairing the music of that voice. I never did think it. To me he had a sort of immortality. And now—now I am fifty years old, as I was yesterday; but it is not bitter any more, as it was yesterday, with that old bitterness of vanished strength and interest; for I love life. I feel the blood bounding in my veins; death seems farther away than ever—it is only bitter now because I have nothing but this old face, this old heart, these need-up fifty years to give Maskelyn. It is bitter, too, lest people should smile at Maskelyn—

I was sitting in the porch thinking of my years, that day. After all, it seemed but the day before that I had sat there with the delicious odor of the honeysuckles blowing all about me in the dusk, and Maskelyn sat at my side, and the very air we breathed fanned and fanned in the fragrance full of the dark sweet mystery of love. It seemed as if all the world had been just to come to blossoms in that evening, stars and winds and vaults of heaven, the evening that he first said in words that he loved me, although our lives had grown together so for years that we had each known the thoughts of the other without speaking, and knew that there were no others on earth that could ever come as close to either of us as the other did.

But this crowned the whole with certainty, and we looked in each other's faces in the gleams of the starlight as if we were the two only people on the planet. Alas, we were not!

For Maskelyn was still very young; and the traveller for a commercial house, he had his way to make. It was the morning after that night in the dark and the dew, and the honeysuckle odor that he left the ring on my finger, and went off on one of his journeys. He was to go down the river to New Orleans before he returned; and he took the steamer *Beaumont* at St. Louis—and it was thirty years before I heard from him how it all happened. But the world is full of tongues, and I heard it, all the same, on the four winds that blow no one knows whither.

There had taken passage on that fatal steamer a wealthy planter of Louisiana, with his wife; an invalid French lady, and their young daughter Adele. She was a lovely little thing, this Adele, and she sang like a bird. Maskelyn heard her singing one evening, and passionately fond of music, he soon made her acquaintance, and was singing with her. She was as child-like too, as she was young and pretty; she had soon confided to him all her affairs, and he, secure in his plighted love, and never dreaming of misconstruction or trouble, became her hourly associate, and took pleasure in her innocent companionship.

One afternoon they sat in their accustomed seat, reading, as it chanced, from the same book. In their occupation and their talk they had taken no notice of the excitement of the people about them, and if they knew they were racing the *Charon*, so they had been doing half the week, and thought nothing of it. And all at once a shriek of countless voices rent the air; there was a shock and an explosion, as if the bottomless pit had broken through the bed of the river. The air was full of flying beams and falling men and women; the river was full of them; and they were two among them all, adrift but alive.

Afloat in the branches of a huge tree that was sailing and swirling down the river, and in no immediate danger of destruction, but exhausted, and unable to do more than keep the breath they had for a while. If others had been saved, they had reached one of the banks, or had been picked up by the *Charon*'s boats. The quick Southern dusk was upon them before Adele had done more than open her eyes and close them again. Neither she nor he had been seriously hurt, but they were absolutely alone in the thick night and the rushing river. What else could they do but comfort one another, poor children, sitting side by side in the cradle made by the big branches, and trembling at all the dark, unknown tumult of the torrent, till suddenly, with a shock that might have wrecked them had not their clothes been caught on the branches, they were anchored on a mud-spit, and the stream was sweeping by?

The morning dawned redly over the great sea-like river. Flat-boat and raft and steamer went along; but no one saw their signals, or seeing them, no one headed them. Another weary night, famished and faint, but keeping each other's courage up; and at noon of the next day they were taken off. But in the two days and nights Maskelyn had loved him. And when, in turn, she learned that her love was in vain, it was only by force of arms that he hindered her from seeking the watery death from which he had rescued her. The poor little passionate tropical creature!

He saw her, however, no more for a month after the time that he left her at her father's door in New Orleans, where he found the black-robed parents, who had had themselves been saved, but who had thought their child lost, and received her as one raised from the grave, and would have given Maskelyn their all as her preserver. But Maskelyn did not present himself there again; and it was not till his return from a trip through the neighboring region that Adele's father was able to find him, and to beseech him to come if he would save his child a second time from death. And he found her on the brink of madness.

Compelled by their kindness and their grief, he could do nothing but remain, and add his efforts to theirs. It was a superb home; wealth and art and climate could hardly do more to make it perfect. Perhaps the sense of its ease and luxury were delicious to the tired and almost penniless young man. And then there were always flowers, music, paintings, servants moving like shadows, cordial warmth and blessing, and the lovely young creature whose trouble his presence was beginning to lighten.

"Livia!" he said.

"Maskelyn!" I replied. And I felt as he did—impossible to say whether I was dead or alive, whether it was this world or the next, whether I really saw him, or it was, as it had been many times before, that I dreamed I did. And then I said to myself, "The worst has come. I shall hear presently that Maskelyn is dead." But he was saying to himself—and yet I heard him! "Can it be? Is it so? Herself? In the old home! My God! if she should yet be free!" And then a glad cry, and we were in each other's arms. And we were fifty years old.

her barely comfortable support; and there, too old for such joy; and I drew back all blushing and ashamed, only to be taken in those arms again. He broke off by-and-by a branch of the honeysuckle, and twined it in my hair.

"What would Belle and Alice say?" I murmured.

"Who are Belle and Alice?" said he. And in the sudden jealous spasms that I had realized anew my fifty years and their twenty.

"I am so old," I said, "and they are so young."

"For me you have eternal youth," he answered.

"We are going to live backward all the years in which I have lost you, since you are so good, my angel, as to love me still, to refuse to reproach me, to forgive me."

And sometimes I ask if they to whom

death seems kinder, and gives a smooth current of love in their early season, have half the depth of delight in it that they find who at a later day love with the concentrated force that, spread over all the intervening years, might have been a shallow and stagnant pool. Did I love Maskelyn any better at twenty?—Not any fraction so dearly. Did he love me more? I cannot answer for that. One could hardly love more than an abject worshiper loves a saint in her shrine, and so he seems to love.

And so he married Adele.

Perhaps it would have been better had he written me the story of it, and not have left me to my imaginations. But he thought the course kindest to me was to let me think him a villain, and be healed of my hurt the sooner. And then, too—you must not think ill of me for saying it—I appeared to him so altogether lovely and to be loved that he could not but believe, cost him what pang it might, that I should speedily be happy in the love of one I should hold to be a better man.

And from that hour his career began—the career of no commercial traveller, but

that of the son of a rich and powerful house, put forward for fresh honors all the time,

now Governor, now Senator, and when war came, unwilling to take arms against either

for I love life. I feel the blood bounding in my veins; death seems farther away than ever—it is only bitter now because I have nothing but this old face, this old heart; these need-up fifty years to give Maskelyn. It is bitter, too, lest people should smile at Maskelyn—

I was sitting in the porch thinking of my years, that day. After all, it seemed but the day before that I had sat there with the delicious odor of the honeysuckles blowing all about me in the dusk, and Maskelyn sat at my side, and the very air we breathed fanned and fanned in the fragrance full of the dark sweet mystery of love. It seemed as if all the world had been just to come to blossoms in that evening, stars and winds and vaults of heaven, the evening that he first said in words that he loved me, although our lives had grown together so for years that we had each known the thoughts of the other without speaking, and knew that there were no others on earth that could ever come as close to either of us as the other did.

But this crowned the whole with certainty, and we looked in each other's faces in the gleams of the starlight as if we were the two only people on the planet. Alas, we were not!

For Maskelyn was still very young; and the traveller for a commercial house, he had his way to make. It was the morning after that night in the dark and the dew, and the honeysuckle odor that he left the ring on my finger, and went off on one of his journeys. He was to go down the river to New Orleans before he returned; and he took the steamer *Beaumont* at St. Louis—and it was thirty years before I heard from him how it all happened. But the world is full of tongues, and I heard it, all the same, on the four winds that blow no one knows whither.

There had taken passage on that fatal steamer a wealthy planter of Louisiana, with his wife; an invalid French lady, and their young daughter Adele. She was a lovely little thing, this Adele, and she sang like a bird. Maskelyn heard her singing one evening, and passionately fond of music, he soon made her acquaintance, and was singing with her. She was as child-like too, as she was young and pretty; she had soon confided to him all her affairs, and he, secure in his plighted love, and never dreaming of misconstruction or trouble, became her hourly associate, and took pleasure in her innocent companionship.

One afternoon they sat in their accustomed seat, reading, as it chanced, from the same book. In their occupation and their talk they had taken no notice of the excitement of the people about them, and if they knew they were racing the *Charon*, so they had been doing half the week, and thought nothing of it. And all at once a shriek of countless voices rent the air; there was a shock and an explosion, as if the bottomless pit had broken through the bed of the river. The air was full of flying beams and falling men and women; the river was full of them; and they were two among them all, adrift but alive.

Afloat in the branches of a huge tree that was sailing and swirling down the river, and in no immediate danger of destruction, but exhausted, and unable to do more than keep the breath they had for a while. If others had been saved, they had reached one of the banks, or had been picked up by the *Charon*'s boats. The quick Southern dusk was upon them before Adele had done more than open her eyes and close them again. Neither she nor he had been seriously hurt, but they were absolutely alone in the thick night and the rushing river. What else could they do but comfort one another, poor children, sitting side by side in the cradle made by the big branches, and trembling at all the dark, unknown tumult of the torrent, till suddenly, with a shock that might have wrecked them had not their clothes been caught on the branches, they were anchored on a mud-spit, and the stream was sweeping by?

The morning dawned redly over the great sea-like river. Flat-boat and raft and steamer went along; but no one saw their signals, or seeing them, no one headed them. Another weary night, famished and faint, but keeping each other's courage up; and at noon of the next day they were taken off. But in the two days and nights Maskelyn had loved him. And when, in turn, she learned that her love was in vain, it was only by force of arms that he hindered her from seeking the watery death from which he had rescued her. The poor little passionate tropical creature!

He saw her, however, no more for a month after the time that he left her at her father's door in New Orleans, where he found the black-robed parents, who had had themselves been saved, but who had thought their child lost, and received her as one raised from the grave, and would have given Maskelyn their all as her preserver. But Maskelyn did not present himself there again; and it was not till his return from a trip through the neighboring region that Adele's father was able to find him, and to beseech him to come if he would save his child a second time from death. And he found her on the brink of madness.

Compelled by their kindness and their grief, he could do nothing but remain, and add his efforts to theirs. It was a superb home; wealth and art and climate could hardly do more to make it perfect. Perhaps the sense of its ease and luxury were delicious to the tired and almost penniless young man. And then there were always flowers, music, paintings, servants moving like shadows, cordial warmth and blessing, and the lovely young creature whose trouble his presence was beginning to lighten.

"Livia!" he said.

"Maskelyn!" I replied. And I felt as he did—impossible to say whether I was dead or alive, whether it was this world or the next, whether I really saw him, or it was, as it had been many times before, that I dreamed I did. And then I said to myself, "The worst has come. I shall hear presently that Maskelyn is dead." But he was saying to himself—and yet I heard him! "Can it be? Is it so? Herself? In the old home! My God! if she should yet be free!" And then a glad cry, and we were in each other's arms. And we were fifty years old.

Too old for such joy; and I drew back all blushing and ashamed, only to be taken in those arms again. He broke off by-and-by a branch of the honeysuckle, and twined it in my hair.

"What would Belle and Alice say?" I murmured.

"Who are Belle and Alice?" said he. And in the sudden jealous spasms that I had realized anew my fifty years and their twenty.

"I am so old," I said, "and they are so young."

"For me you have eternal youth," he answered.

"We are going to live backward all the years in which I have lost you, since you are so good, my angel, as to love me still, to refuse to reproach me, to forgive me."

And sometimes I ask if they to whom

death seems kinder, and gives a smooth current of love in their early season, have half the depth of delight in it that they find who at a later day love with the concentrated force that, spread over all the intervening years, might have been a shallow and stagnant pool. Did I love Maskelyn any better at twenty?—Not any fraction so dearly. Did he love me more? I cannot answer for that. One could hardly love more than an abject worshiper loves a saint in her shrine, and so he seems to love.

And so he married Adele.

Perhaps it would have been better had he written me the story of it, and not have left me to my imaginations. But he thought the course kindest to me was to let me think him a villain, and be healed of my hurt the sooner. And then, too—you must not think ill of me for saying it—I appeared to him so altogether lovely and to be loved that he could not but believe, cost him what pang it might, that I should speedily be happy in the love of one I should hold to be a better man.

And from that hour his career began—the career of no commercial traveller, but

that of the son of a rich and powerful house, put forward for fresh honors all the time,

now Governor, now Senator, and when war came, unwilling to take arms against either

for I love life. I feel the blood bounding in my veins; death seems farther away than ever—it is only bitter now because I have nothing but this old face, this old heart; these need-up fifty years to give Maskelyn. It is bitter, too, lest people should smile at Maskelyn—

I was sitting in the porch thinking of my years, that day. After all, it seemed but the day before that I had sat there with the delicious odor of the honeysuckles blowing all about me in the dusk, and Maskelyn sat at my side, and the very air we breathed fanned and fanned in the fragrance full of the dark sweet mystery of love. It seemed as if all the world had been just to come to blossoms in that evening, stars and winds and vaults of heaven, the evening that he first said in words that he loved me, although our lives had grown together so for years that we had each known the thoughts of the other without speaking, and knew that there were no others on earth that could ever come as close to either of us as the other did.

But this crowned the whole with certainty, and we looked in each other's faces in the gleams of the starlight as if we were the two only people on the planet. Alas, we were not!

For Maskelyn was still very young; and the traveller for a commercial house, he had his way to make. It was the morning after that night in the dark and the dew, and the honeysuckle odor that he left the ring on my finger, and went off on one of his journeys. He was to go down the river to New Orleans before he returned; and he took the steamer *Beaumont* at St. Louis—and it was thirty years before I heard from him how it all happened. But the world is full of tongues, and I heard it, all the same, on the four winds that blow no one knows whither.

There had taken passage on that fatal steamer a wealthy planter of Louisiana, with his wife; an invalid French lady, and their young daughter Adele. She was a lovely little thing, this Adele, and she sang like a bird. Maskelyn heard her singing one evening, and passionately fond of music, he soon made her acquaintance, and was singing with her. She was as child-like too, as she was young and pretty; she had soon confided to him all her affairs, and he, secure in his plighted love, and never dreaming of misconstruction or trouble, became her hourly associate, and took pleasure in her innocent companionship.

One afternoon they sat in their accustomed seat, reading, as it chanced, from the same book. In their occupation and their talk they had taken no notice of the excitement of the people about them, and if they knew they were racing the *Charon*, so they had been doing half the week, and thought nothing of it. And all at once a shriek of countless voices rent the air; there was a shock and an explosion, as if the bottomless pit had broken through the bed of the river. The air was full of flying beams and falling men and women; the river was full of them; and they were two among them all, adrift but alive.

Afloat in the branches of a huge tree that was sailing and swirling down the river, and in no immediate danger of destruction, but exhausted, and unable to do more than keep the breath they had for a while. If others had been saved, they had reached one of the banks, or had been picked up by the *Charon*'s boats. The quick Southern dusk was upon them before Adele had done more than open her eyes and close them again. Neither she nor he had been seriously hurt, but they were absolutely alone in the thick night and the rushing river. What else could they do but comfort one another, poor children, sitting side by side in the cradle made by the big branches, and trembling at all the dark, unknown tumult of the torrent, till suddenly, with a shock that might have wrecked them had not their clothes been caught on the branches, they were anchored on a mud-spit, and the stream was sweeping by?

The morning dawned redly over the great sea-like river. Flat-boat and raft and steamer went along; but no one saw their signals, or seeing them, no one headed them. Another weary night, famished and faint, but keeping each other's courage up; and at noon of the next day they were taken off. But in the two days and nights Maskelyn had loved him. And when, in turn, she learned that her love was in vain, it was only by force of arms that he hindered her from seeking the watery death from which he had rescued her. The poor little passionate tropical creature!

He saw her, however, no more for a month after the time that he left her at her father's door in New Orleans, where he found the black-robed parents, who had had themselves been saved, but who had thought their child lost, and received her as one raised from the grave, and would have given Maskelyn their all as her preserver. But Maskelyn did not present himself there again; and it was not till his return from a trip through the neighboring region that Adele's father was able to find him, and to beseech him to come if he would save his child a second time from death. And he found her on the brink of madness.

Compelled by their kindness and their grief, he could do nothing but remain, and add his efforts to theirs. It was a superb home; wealth and art and climate could hardly do more to make it perfect. Perhaps the sense of its ease and luxury were delicious to the tired and almost penniless young man. And then there were always flowers, music, paintings, servants moving like shadows, cordial warmth and blessing, and the lovely young creature whose trouble his presence was beginning to lighten.

"Livia!" he said.

"Maskelyn!" I replied. And I felt as he did—impossible to say whether I was dead or alive, whether it was this world or the next, whether I really saw him, or it was, as it had been many times before, that I dreamed I did. And then I said to myself, "The worst has come. I shall hear presently that Maskelyn is dead." But he was saying to himself—and yet I heard him! "Can it be? Is it so? Herself? In the old home! My God! if she should yet be free!" And then a glad cry, and we were in each other's arms. And we were fifty years old.

Too old for such joy; and I drew back all blushing and ashamed, only to be taken in those arms again. He broke off by-and-by a branch of the honeysuckle, and twined it in my hair.

"What would Belle and Alice say?" I murmured.

"Who are Belle and Alice?" said he. And in the sudden jealous spasms that I had realized anew my fifty years and their twenty.

"I am so old," I said, "and they are so young."

"For me you